

# GRANDPA'S LITTLE GIRLS' HOUSE-BOAT PARTY



ALICE TURNER CURTIS



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AN EARLY START

# Grandpa's Little Girls' House-Boat Party

BY

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“GRANDPA'S LITTLE GIRLS”

“GRANDPA'S LITTLE GIRLS AT SCHOOL”

“GRANDPA'S LITTLE GIRLS AND  
THEIR FRIENDS”

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## Introduction

CONSTANCE and Eunice Newman were fortunate in having a grandfather who believed that good times were good for children. "In Grandpa's Little Girls" was told the delightful story of a summer on his farm in Maine, where they became acquainted with the Woodyears and Miss Abitha Bean, who was even better than a grandfather in inventing things to do.

"Grandpa's Little Girls at School" was the story of how the Newman girls dreaded to go to school, but found that Miss Wilson's was nothing to be afraid of. In fact they had at school some of their best times, and met there the good friends who in "Grandpa's Little Girls and Their Friends" helped Constance to learn some valuable lessons not taught in the school books. Among those with whom they became acquainted at Miss Wilson's were Rose Mason, Myrtle Green, Elinor Perry and the Glidden twins, without whom this present story of a delightful vacation would have been incomplete.



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Grandpa’s Little Girls’ House-Boat Party



# Grandpa's Little Girls' House- Boat Party

## CHAPTER I

### THE HOUSE-BOAT

“YES,” said Miss Abitha smilingly, “I am sure it will do splendidly.”

“I think it will myself,” responded Mr. Henry Newman. “What do you suppose Lamb and Constance will think of it?”

“We shall know very soon. They ought to be here now,” replied Miss Abitha, and at that moment a loud “Coo-ee” was heard farther up the path, and Constance Newman came in sight, closely followed by her friend Rose Mason, while close behind them were Lamb Newman and Myrtle Green.

Constance was the first to reach the bank of the river. “It’s fine!” she exclaimed. “Look, girls,” she called out, “here is the wonderful house-boat that Mr. Eben Bean and Grandpa Newman made. Isn’t it great?”

"It looks like a house built on a raft," declared Lamb, "only I can see that it's a scow."

Mr. Newman laughed. "Don't you want to go on board?" he asked.

"Of course we do," said Constance. "Why, ever since we got home from school grandpa has been telling us about this wonderful boat. I knew just how it would look weeks ago, even if he didn't want us to see it until it was finished."

"And I know just how long it is: thirty-two feet long," announced her younger sister, "and sixteen feet wide. And the roof isn't a roof, but a promenade deck."

While Lamb told all these facts about the queer-looking craft which lay close to the bank Miss Abitha had stepped on the broad plank which bridged the space between land and boat and was now standing on the deck of the boat waiting for the others.

Just before the Newman girls returned from Miss Wilson's school Grandpa Newman had decided that the family would enjoy a change of scene during the summer, and that a trip down the river and perhaps along the coast would be just the thing. When he spoke of it to Miss Abitha she at once declared that he ought to build a house-boat, and have a house-boat party.

"You can find some sort of a scow or flatboat at a bargain in Bath," she said, "and you and father can deck it over and build a house on it. Then you can hire a man with a small launch to pull your boat along ; and when you want to stop anywhere you can do so."

Eunice, who was almost always called Lamb, and Constance Newman had had Miss Abitha Bean for a teacher when they first came to live at their grandfather's farm, and the little girls sometimes forgot that she was a woman of middle age, she entered so heartily into all their plans and amusements. Her father, Mr. Eben Bean, was employed on the Newmans' farm ; as was also Jimmie Woodyear, the son of a neighboring family.

Grandpa Newman was delighted at Miss Abitha's suggestion, and lost no time in going in search of a big flat-bottomed boat on which to build the house which would make it possible for them all to journey down the river as comfortably as if they were on shore. He found the boat without much trouble, and had it towed up the river as near the farm as possible. During May and June he and Mr. Eben Bean, with some assistance from Jimmie Woodyear and young Mr. Newman, had worked busily away on the "Water Witch," as the girls had named her. Grandpa had told Constance and Eunice that they could invite four of their girl

friends to go with them for a month's cruise. Rose Mason and Myrtle Green and the Glidden twins had been asked. Rose and Myrtle had already arrived, and the Glidden girls had promised to come that night.

The house-boat was all ready for her passengers. It was painted a shining white, a big flag waved from its flag-pole, and it was no wonder that the girls all exclaimed with delight at the prospect of a month's cruise in such a novel craft. There was a living-room with four large windows and two doors, one of which opened out upon the forward deck, and the other to a passage leading aft where there were two good-sized sleeping-rooms fitted with comfortable berths. There was also a square little kitchen and a bath room. The "Water Witch" was provided with a rudder, and there was a steepish stair leading to her promenade deck.

It did not take the visitors long to find out that everything was just right.

"There are four berths in each cabin," said Eunice admiringly, "and grandpa says the man will sleep on the launch. We'll have room for everybody."

"Not for your grandma and me," answered her father laughingly. "Your grandma is a wise lady, and she says she doesn't believe in house-boats. She says it may rain, and that damp weather is bad for rheuma-

tism. So I shall stay at home with her, and your mother and grandfather will have all the responsibility."

"Let me see," said Miss Abitha, "how many girls will there be, besides me?"

"There are four of us," answered Constance; "that is, five with you, Miss Abitha; and mother makes six, and the Glidden twins are eight; that fills all the berths. Grandpa will have to sleep in the living-room."

"I do hope those berths are good and strong," said Myrtle Green; "you know how heavy the twins are."

"Oh, they are strong as can be," Constance assured her. "Mr. Eben Bean said they were."

"What is the man's name that runs the launch?" asked Eunice, as she walked beside her father up the shady wood road which came out near Pine Tree Farm.

"His name is Mr. Penrith," answered her father, "Mr. John Penrith; and not only can he start up his engine and pull you in the direction you want to go, but he can and will step into the pantry and cook your dinner and serve it, and keep the boat clean, and do all that will need to be done."

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Eunice waiting until the rest of the party had caught up with her father, "just hear about this wonderful man who owns the launch!" and she repeated all that her father had told her.

"He must be the man Longfellow wrote about," said Miss Abitha, "who 'learned to labor and to wait.'" There was a laugh at this, but Rose Mason declared that she believed him to be the man Mr. Gilbert wrote about, the man who was

"The cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,  
And the bos'un tight, and the midshipmite  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

"Well, you'll all like Mr. Penrith as captain or cook," said Mr. Newman.

The Glidden twins arrived on the night train and Mrs. Newman sent her household to bed at an early hour that night.

"Your grandpa wants us to be ready for an early start," she said as she bade the girls good-night, "so don't keep each other awake talking. You'll have an entire month together."

The girls all promised not to say a word after they were in bed, but Lamb's last sleepy whisper was, "Just think of Grandpa Newman having eight berths."

"I wish Mary Woodyear could go," responded Constance.

Lamb remembered her promise and said no more.

Myrtle had her one whisper to Rose Mason also. "Wasn't it lovely of Grandpa Newman to tell Eunice and Constance they could have a house-boat party?"

And Rose answered briefly, "Yes." Rose was the eldest of the group of girls, and was not only a great favorite with her companions but the fathers and mothers loved and trusted her.

"If neither Abitha nor I could go I would feel safe about them all if Rose Mason was there," Mrs. Newman had said when the plans for the trip were talked over; and Grandpa Newman had nodded approvingly.

"Constance is going to be just as thoughtful and reliable as Rose," declared Grandmother Newman, "and Eunice will be, too. We have never indulged the children, and they are good girls, if I did have a hand in their bringing up," she concluded proudly.

"I have a mind to ask Dannie Woodyear to go on the trip," said grandpa. "Miss Abitha says he is a smart boy and she is helping him with his lessons, and a ten-year-old boy is a good deal of use on a boat. I believe I will step over to the Woodyears and see what they say about it."

The Woodyears were as pleased as Dannie himself at the idea of such a pleasant trip for their little son. Dannie was not yet ten years old, but he had already

decided to be an astronomer when he became a man ; and Miss Abitha Bean had loaned him many interesting books about the stars, and told him something of what he must learn to carry out such a plan.

" I'll see lots of stars from the top of that boat," he declared happily, and he was the first one to arrive at the " Water Witch " the next morning. Besides a bundle of clothing he brought his beloved telescope. He was to have a couch in the living-room near Grandpa Newman's.

Mr. Penrith, or Captain Penrith as they all called him, said it was a good thing to have Dannie along. " He'll be a sight of help," he declared approvingly.

## CHAPTER II

### MANY ADVENTURES

THE sun was just showing itself over the big pines when the lines holding the house-boat to the shore were cast off, the little launch gave a shrill whistle, Grandpa Newman took his place at the helm, and the house-boat gently glided out into the stream. There seemed to be birds in every bush along the river banks ; masses of foliage were mirrored in the clear waters near the shore, and the whole party were in the best of spirits.

“ Well, Dannie, what kind of weather represents an animal ? ” questioned Miss Abitha as the house-boat moved steadily along.

Dannie shook his head, and as none of the others could guess Miss Abitha said, “ Why, Rain, dears, of course.”

“ Could I fish ? ” Dannie asked eagerly. “ I brought some hooks and lines and bait.”

Grandpa gave the desired permission and Dannie and Miss Abitha soon had the lines overboard and waited eagerly for a bite.

“ How far shall we go to-day, mother ? ” questioned Constance.

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Newman. "You see, we move very slowly, not a third as fast as most craft. Probably we will tie up in some pleasant cove about noon and have dinner and perhaps stay all night."

"Can we go ashore wherever we stop?" asked Constance.

"Why, yes, I think so," replied her mother. "Your grandpa plans for us to see all we can of the country, and when we stop at any towns we will go ashore for our dinners, or for supper if it be toward night."

"I hope Penrith knows all about the shoals in this river," grandpa exclaimed as the house-boat seemed to grate a little. Then came a harsher sound, a straining on the line that held her to the launch, then the tow-line slackened, the "chug-chug" of the launch ceased, and Mr. Penrith called out: "Say, I guess we've struck a sand-bar."

"Oh, girls! Will we have to stay here all night?" exclaimed Adrienne Glidden.

"Of course not," responded Myrtle. "Why, it's only nine in the morning. See, Mr. Penrith is putting on another tow-line, and Grandpa Newman is poking with that long pole; we shall start in no time."

But it proved to be an hour before the "Water

Witch" was clear of the sand and moving steadily on. Just before noon the launch changed its course and headed nearer the shore. "This is the prettiest place on the river," declared Mr. Penrith, "and deep water right up to the bank."

It did not take long to make the boat fast to convenient trees and the little party all went on shore, leaving Mr. Penrith in the little kitchen. It seemed a most unsettled part of the country. There were no houses in sight ; not even a path led down to the river. There were a great many tall pines near the shore, but very little underbrush.

Grandpa Newman and his daughter said they would stay near the boat, while Miss Abitha and Dannie, followed by the six girls, decided to walk up from the river a little way.

"I haven't wanted to play 'hide-and-go-seek' before since I was a little bit of a girl," said Myrtle Green, "but these woods were just made for it."

"Let's play," said Lamb. "I can find you all, I know I can. Let me be blind man." So Rose Mason's silk neck-scarf was bound about Eunice's eyes and in a few minutes the shady woods resounded with merry calls and warnings as Lamb rushed up to big trees or circled round others. Miss Abitha was the first one

caught, and the second game had just begun when the sound of a bell calling them to dinner sent them all running toward the river.

They had reached the boat and Miss Abitha stood at the gangway counting them laughingly as they went on board, and as Dannie ended the procession she exclaimed, "Why, where's Lamb?"

"Perhaps she was so well hid she didn't hear the bell," suggested Rose. "I'll run back and call her."

"We won't eat all the dinner," said Constance, "but hurry up," and Rose turned and ran lightly back to the place where she had last seen her little friend.

"Eunice!" she called, and getting no response went on a little farther calling as she went, "Eunice! Eunice!" "She can't be lost," Rose said aloud, "for any one could find her way back to the boat from here. I believe she's having a game of 'hide-and-go-seek' with me." And that was exactly what Lamb was doing. She had been close behind Dannie when they had all started for the boat, and had jumped behind a big tree as the others scrambled down the bank. Seeing Rose start back in search of her she had run behind another tree; and then was sometimes ahead and sometimes behind her pursuer, while Rose kept on without an idea that Lamb was so near.

An hour passed and neither Rose nor Lamb had returned to the boat. The others had finished their dinner and Mrs. Newman now declared that she was going in search of the missing girls. "I know something is wrong," she said, "for Rose Mason would not stay away like this."

It was decided that Miss Abitha and Dannie should accompany her.

None of the others felt anxious. "They've found some flowers or berries or something and forgotten all about dinner," suggested Myrtle as they watched the three starting off among the big trees. They had gone but a short distance into the woods when they all stopped suddenly. "Help! Help!" came a distinct call.

"It's Lamb!" exclaimed Mrs. Newman. "It's Rose!" echoed Miss Abitha, and instantly each one of the party hurried in the direction of the sound.

"Do you suppose Lamb has sprained her ankle?" asked Constance as they ran swiftly along. No one answered, and as the second call of "Help" came Mrs. Newman shouted back, "We're coming."

Dannie was the one to first discover Rose and Eunice. He had run on in advance of the others, and soon saw the girls in the centre of a patch of blossoming shrubs.

He was about to push his way through the thickly growing bushes when Rose called:

"Go back, Dannie! These are thorn-bushes, and Eunice and I are held fast by them. We can't get out."

In a moment Mrs. Newman and Miss Abitha were beside Dannie, and could see Rose and Eunice very plainly.

"Lamb ran in here to hide and I came after her, and we are caught so we can hardly move. I don't see how we can get out," explained Rose.

"Oh, dear," called Lamb, "my skirts are all torn, and my hand scratched. Do get us out."

"Dannie, run back and tell Mr. Penrith to come up here with an axe and a long rope," said Miss Abitha, and the boy ran swiftly toward the boat.

"What good will a rope do, Miss Abitha?" questioned Rose.

"Perhaps he can lasso those thorn-bushes and pull them down enough for you to get clear," responded Miss Abitha. "I read of that being done to get some people clear of cactus in California."

"Was the dinner good?" asked Lamb, in so tragic a voice that they all laughed.

It was not long before Mr. Penrith appeared, closely

followed by Grandpa Newman. Miss Abitha's scheme was promptly tried. The taller of the bushes were pulled down out of the girls' way, and with a few careful strokes of the axe Mr. Penrith cut a passage so that the girls could make their way to smooth ground once more. Their dresses were torn, and as the other girls came running to meet them Constance called out, "Raggety man, raggety man—hurry along as fast as you can."

Eunice thought it rather hard that her innocent fun should have brought her and Rose into so much trouble. But no one had any word of blame for her, and Mr. Penrith and Mrs. Newman hurried to prepare a bountiful luncheon for the girls in place of the dinner they had missed.

It was decided that they would remain for the night at their present moorings, and grandpa suggested that it was just the time for Eunice and Miss Abitha to take photographs of the "Water Witch."

"But we ought to be out in the middle of the stream to get the right light," said Miss Abitha.

"We can take Mr. Penrith's rowboat and go to the middle of the river," responded Lamb enthusiastically. "You know I learned to row at school."

It did not take long for Mr. Penrith to put the small

boat in readiness, and Miss Abitha and Eunice were soon rowing toward the point where they would have the best view of the house-boat.

"You must all stand on the roof; no, I mean the promenade deck," Lamb had directed, as they started off.

Miss Abitha and Eunice Newman had both taken a good many excellent photographs. Some of Miss Abitha's had been used to illustrate a book on the small animals and plants of the country about Pine Tree Farm, and they were both anxious to get as good a picture of the boat as possible.

"This is just the right distance," declared Miss Abitha, after a few strokes. So they drew in their oars and began to adjust their cameras.

Miss Abitha was a very tall woman and it was somewhat difficult for her to move about in the tiny boat, which swayed dangerously at every change of position.

"If it wasn't Abitha I should be sure that boat would upset," said Mrs. Newman laughingly as they all stood in line on the "roof" waiting for the picture to be taken.

"No danger when Abitha is in charge," declared grandpa smilingly, and at that instant there came a scream from Antoinette Glidden, echoed by the other girls, "The boat's upset! They're overboard!"

"It will be all right," said Rose Mason quickly.

“Lamb and Miss Abitha know exactly what to do. Look! There is Lamb back at the boat now! And there is Miss Abitha.”

Mr. Penrith was running toward his launch, but grandpa stopped him.

“No need of it, Penrith,” he said. “Just watch them. I declare it is worth a good deal to see a woman and a girl show such presence of mind.” For Miss Abitha and Lamb had succeeded in righting the boat, in securing the oars, and were now pulling vigorously toward shore.

They scrambled on board the house-boat dripping and laughing at their adventure, but while the others were congratulating and praising them, Dannie stood by silent and with a very anxious face.

“What is it, Dannie?” questioned Miss Abitha, as she started toward the cabin.

“Your cameras!” said Dannie solemnly.

“My soul!” and Miss Abitha’s face grew as sober as Dannie’s. “We didn’t think of our cameras, Eunice,” she exclaimed.

“I did,” replied Lamb, “but I knew they were spoiled anyway.”

“And all through my awkwardness,” insisted Miss Abitha.

"Don't worry about cameras, Abitha," interrupted Grandpa Newman. "I'll buy you and Lamb each just as good cameras as those you have lost, as soon as we get to Bath. Hurry off now and get into dry clothes."

## CHAPTER III

### A MIDNIGHT VISITOR

CAPTAIN PENRITH said they could have their supper on shore under the big trees, if they wanted to ; and they all declared it was just what they wanted. Constance and Rose spread the white cloth over the dry pine spills, Mrs. Newman and the Glidden girls helped Mr. Penrith bring out the dishes of appetizing salad and pitchers of cool lemonade, and as they talked over their first day's happenings the house-boat party all declared that it looked like an adventurous cruise.

“ Let me see,” said Grandpa Newman, “ we have run on to a sand-bar ; two of the party had to be rescued from thorn-bushes ; two more rescued themselves from the river, and here it is only sunset of the first day.”

“ I like to have things happen,” said Lamb happily.

“ Well, as you have started out I should say you would have what you like,” responded her mother.

“ Adrienne, I wish you and Antoinette would sing,” suggested Myrtle, after the supper had been cleared away and they were all watching the beautiful reflection of the sunset skies in the clear water.

The Glidden twins smiled at each other and a moment later their sweet voices sounded through the shadowy woods in the song the girls at Miss Wilson's school had always liked to sing. When they began the chorus Constance and the other girls joined in :

“ The wood-thrush sings of home and west,—  
And so do we.  
He sings of the place he loves the best,  
And it's home, sweet home for me.”

Dannie had gone up on the promenade deck and his small telescope was pointed toward the evening star, now showing faintly in the clear sky.

As the girls finished singing Miss Abitha arose and walked with a dignified step toward the centre of the little circle. Making a low bow she began to recite :

“ ‘ ‘Tis merry, ‘tis merry, in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have stilled their singing.  
When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,  
With bit and bridle ringing.

“ ‘ It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
And Sprites and Mites do dance about,  
Just at the twilight hour.’

By Miss Abitha Bean and Sir Walter Scott,” she concluded with another low bow.

“And now it is time for us to see how comfortably one can sleep in a house-boat,” said Mrs. Newman, and one by one the little party filed on board the “Water Witch,” all but Grandpa Newman and Mr. Penrith, and Dannie, who was still star-gazing. Grandpa and Mr. Penrith waited on shore for a little talk about their future plans.

“I don’t want to make you uneasy, Mr. Newman,” began Mr. Penrith, “but while the girls were singing I saw a boat in the shadow of the bank just below us. There were several men in it, and what I didn’t like about it was their trying to keep out of sight.”

“Oh, well, they may be from some camping party near by,” replied grandpa, “and only wanted to hear the music without intruding. I don’t think there is any need to worry.”

“Well, I’m a light sleeper and they couldn’t get very near us without my hearing them,” replied Mr. Penrith.

Dannie had come down from the “roof” and happened to overhear the conversation.

“My! I wonder if they could be pirates?” he thought to himself, and decided that he, too, would be on the alert that night in case these mysterious men should endeavor to capture the “Water Witch” and

tow the craft away to unknown seas. He rather wondered how Grandpa Newman could go to sleep so peacefully after Mr. Penrith's warning; but it was not very long before Dannie himself was sound asleep. He awoke suddenly. It sounded to him as if a number of soldiers were marching up and down the deck in front of the cabin. Then the noise ceased. Dannie lay staring into the darkness. Grandpa Newman was evidently sound asleep. There was no sound from the smaller cabin.

"I'll bet somebody's trying to get this boat," decided Dannie, and he slid off his little cot, slipped on his clothing as noiselessly as possible that he might not disturb Mr. Newman, and crept carefully out on deck.

Everything looked calm and peaceful. The stars shone brightly through the summer night. There was a soft fragrance from the pines, and for a moment Dannie thought he must have dreamed of the noise. Then something moved near the gangplank, and Dannie could make out a big, dark object huddled against the railing of the lower deck.

"I believe it's two men," he whispered to himself. "I wish Mr. Penrith would wake up." The small launch lay close beside the house-boat, and before Dannie could make up his mind how to let Mr. Penrith

know of this intruder, he heard him climbing up the side of the house-boat, and at the same moment the dark object near the rail began to move clumsily and came to its feet with a clattering noise such as had awakened Dannie.

“Look out, Mr. Penrith,” he called valiantly, “it’s a bear !”

Mr. Penrith swung his lantern around, and the bright light flashed full on their visitor, and he and Dannie exclaimed together: “It’s a calf !” And sure enough, it proved to be a pretty brown calf, that had evidently wandered through the woods and come over the gang-plank on to the boat.

Another light now shone out from the cabin door, and Grandpa Newman appeared just in time to see Mr. Penrith and Dannie cautiously persuading the calf, by various pushings, to return to the shore. A moment later Mrs. Newman and Miss Abitha appeared, closely followed by all the girls except Lamb who slept through all the commotion. Their startled faces soon vanished in laughter, and with Miss Abitha’s exclamation that she was sure nothing more could happen until another day, the girls all hurried back to their berths.

Dannie pointed out Orion to Captain Penrith, before

returning to his bed, and that brave mariner listened admiringly.

"You'd learn navigation real easy, I can see that," he said approvingly. "Sailormen always have to lay their course at sea by the stars," he continued. "I s'pose you know all about longitude and latitude?"

"No," answered Dannie, a little mournfully, for he began to think that he could never learn half there was to know about the stars.

"Well," began Captain Penrith thoughtfully, "I'll tell you as nigh as I can. It's one way of reckoning distance. Now in the United States we reckon distance on the face of the globe from the meridians of Washington, Greenwich, and Paris. But if you was a sailorman and at sea you'd have to go by the heavenly bodies, and you'd reckon your distances according. You'd find your compass pointing right toward the North Star. You'd find out that your latitude is the distance north or south of the equator. I've known of captains who could lay their ships' course by the stars just as straight and true as you'd lay out a highway on solid ground," concluded Captain Penrith.

"I'm going to learn all I can about the stars," replied Dannie, "because when I grow up that's going to be my business, to know all about them."

"Well, you've got quite a job to 'tend to," answered the captain, "but if you stick to it I shouldn't wonder if you did well; shouldn't wonder a mite," and he looked down kindly at the brave little figure beside him.

"Now we'd better get some sleep," he said. "I guess that calf won't try to take any more voyages to-night," and bidding Dannie good-night he returned to the launch.

Dannie was not sleepy. The skies were clear and full of stars. He resolved that he would begin the very next day on a chart of the heavens. "Perhaps I can help sailors by making charts," he thought, and then Grandpa Newman's voice was heard: "Come, Dannie; come to bed," and the boy hurried to obey and was soon fast asleep.

They were all up in good season the next morning and discussing the visit of the brown calf.

"We didn't really have any adventures yesterday," said Lamb thoughtfully, as the six girls gathered on the promenade deck; "they were only accidents."

"Dannie really had an adventure," responded Constance, "for he thought he was going on deck to face a band of pirates."

"Grandpa Newman says there were some people in

a boat right near the bank when we were singing last night, and Captain Penrith says that two boys, from farther down the river, came up early this morning in a rowboat to search for a brown calf."

"Then there wasn't anything to be afraid of," said Myrtle, "and I don't believe there ever is. We just think up things, and that makes all the trouble."

"Myrtle!" exclaimed Lamb suddenly, "there's something I'd like to do while we are away on this trip!"

"What is it?" questioned Myrtle.

"Well, you know I keep thinking of how mean I was to the Glidden girls at school."

"But it turned out all right, and we would do anything for the twins now, you know we would, Eunice," responded Myrtle, almost reprovingly, for she felt that she had been equally to blame in the effort to keep the Glidden twins from study.

Lamb shook her head. "It isn't being mean to the twins that I'm afraid of," she said; "of course I couldn't now, for they are my friends. But, you see, when I made the plan to get the prize away from Adrienne I didn't care anything about her!"

"Well?" questioned Myrtle.

"And now I like her!" and Lamb looked at Myrtle as if she had satisfactorily explained everything.

“What do you mean?”

“Why, Myrtle Green! I should think that you could understand! I mean that while I am on this trip I want to learn why Rose Mason never does mean things to anybody. She is just as fair to girls she doesn’t know as she would be to us.”

“So is Constance!” declared Myrtle.

“Yes, but she learned of Rose, you know she did. And all this trip I’m going to try and find out how to be fair to everybody.”

“I will, too,” promised Myrtle. “I suppose if we remembered that everybody might be our friends when we knew them real well that that would help.”

“Yes,” agreed Lamb, “I am sure it would. I suppose a good way is to act toward every other girl just as we would like to have them act toward us.”

Myrtle looked at Lamb admiringly. “Lamb Newman!” she exclaimed, “I believe you are going to be just like Rose Mason.”

“I am going to try,” answered Lamb.

## CHAPTER IV

### ABOUT DANNIE

“WHERE’S Miss Abitha ?” asked Adrienne Glidden, as she came up the steep stairs to the promenade deck and found the other girls busy in making plans for the day.

“Oh, she is hearing Dannie recite his lessons,” answered Constance; “she really expects Dannie to discern several new planets.”

“Does the ‘Dannie Fund’ grow very rapidly ?” asked Rose. For Miss Abitha had resolved that Dannie Woodyear should go to college, and had put her small savings in a box marked the “Dannie Fund,” and it was that to which Rose now referred.

“I don’t believe it does,” replied Constance. “I wish we could plan some way to help it along this summer.”

“I don’t see what we can do on a house-boat to earn money,” said Myrtle, “but we might ask your mother.”

Rose volunteered to go in search of Mrs. Newman, and soon brought her up the steep stairs to the “roof.” Mrs. Newman listened as Constance explained that

they had been talking about Dannie Woodyear's education, and how they would like to do something to add to Miss Abitha's fund.

"Couldn't we give an entertainment and charge admission when we get to a town?" suggested Lamb.

"No, indeed!" promptly replied her mother.

"I have thought of something," said Antoinette Glidden. "Don't you remember that at school the teacher of botany was always wishing that she had this plant or that to show us so that we could understand our lessons better?"

"Yes," responded the others.

"Well, here we are right in the woods; your grandpa says we shall stop at islands further down: and we can get different plants and flowers at all these places and mount them carefully, and write out exactly what kind of places they grow in and all about them. I know Miss Wilson would be glad to buy them."

"We could make a number of sets and sell them to other schools," said Myrtle.

"I think that is an excellent plan," said Mrs. Newman approvingly, "and I should think you might enjoy the work."

"I am going to get leaves and blossoms from that thorn tree for my first specimen," declared Lamb.

The house-boat was to stay at its present moorings for another day, and the girls prepared to start off in the woods in search of their specimens. Lamb and the Glidden twins were to go with Miss Abitha, who heard of their plan with approval, while Rose, Myrtle and Constance went with Mrs. Newman.

Grandpa Newman and Mr. Penrith had taken the launch and gone across the river after fresh milk, and hoped to do a little fishing on the way home, so that Dannie was left to "keep ship."

He was copying an astronomical chart, and had spread out his paper on the smooth deck where he had plenty of room for his books and crayons, and was happily oblivious of everything else.

"On each broad shoulder a bright gem displayed,"

he repeated aloud as he drew in to the chart the "mighty hunter," Orion. So interested was he in his work that he did not notice the approach of a boat from further down the river, nor know when it came alongside the house-boat; nor did he hear the men who came quietly on board. Had he looked up in time he might have jumped to his feet and escaped, but as he bent over his drawing he was suddenly seized from behind, some soft material dropped over his face, shutting

out the light, and was so twisted about his mouth that he could not call out, and, in an instant, it seemed to Dannie, he was rolled up like a bundle and carried into one of the cabins.

“Guess they’ll learn to leave somebody who has his eyes open next time,” he heard a gruff voice say.

“We’d better pick up what we can and get off,” said another voice.

“Nonsense,” replied the first; “the men have landed on the other side of the river. We can tow this craft around the point and they won’t find it for days. There’s food enough to keep us for weeks. We can keep her out of sight easy enough.”

“Tramps,” thought Dannie, and blamed himself bitterly that he had not kept a sharp outlook. He could hear the men moving about on deck and on the shore, and in a short time realized that the house-boat was in motion. It did not move as steadily as when towed by the launch, and Dannie knew that the men were in the rowboat towing the craft.

It seemed hours to the boy before the motion ceased, and he again heard the men on board. They did not come into the cabin. Dannie began to wonder what they would do with him. After a long time he heard steps near him and a voice said: “I suppose we’ll have

to undo this bundle and give it something to eat," and a low chuckle followed the words. Then the long strip of bagging was unwound, the bandage taken from Dannie's mouth, and he was set on his feet. He looked up at the two men valiantly.

"What did you do me up like that for?" he demanded.

"Don't ask any questions, young man," responded the taller of the two men. "If you're hungry say so and we'll give you a bite," and Dannie saw that the table was covered with food from the supplies of the house-boat. He was hungry, and he ate what they handed him; wondering all the time what he could do to save the boat and let Grandpa Newman know where it was.

The two men ate greedily and silently, now and then turning an inquiring look toward the boy. It was evident that they did not know what to do with him. Apparently they intended to treat him kindly.

"What are you going to do with this boat?" asked Dannie boldly as the men finished their meal.

"Never you mind," said the tall man; "you'd better be asking what we are going to do with you."

"I thought that was all settled," said the other, a short heavy-browed individual whose blue eyes looked strangely out of place in his dark-skinned face; "thought

we was going to put him ashore here and let him find his way home if he was smart enough. It's good summer weather and plenty of berries," he added, as if expecting the taller man to object.

"All right. You can take this loaf of bread along and be off," said the tall man; "you needn't stop to bid us good-bye either, or we may change our minds," and he led Dannie on deck, swung him over the railing, and Dannie found himself landed in a bunch of alders, with a loaf of bread in one hand. He scrambled up the steep bank and turned and looked back. For an instant he could not see the house-boat. It was drawn so closely into the wooded bank that the overhanging trees nearly hid it. A long point made out into the river just above, and Dannie at once realized what an excellent hiding-place had been chosen for the "Water Witch."

As nearly as he could judge it was about the middle of the afternoon. The sky had become overcast since morning, the sun could not be seen, and a damp wind came from the river.

"What will they do if it rains?" thought Dannie anxiously, remembering that there was no shelter near for Mrs. Newman and the other passengers of the house-boat.

"Step along," called a voice below him. "Don't stand up there another minute," and Dannie obeyed promptly, and hurried off into the thick woods, not knowing what direction to take, but firmly resolved to find his way back to the place from which the house-boat had been stolen.

The pirates had planned their visit at just the right time to carry off the house-boat successfully. Grandpa Newman and Mr. Penrith had landed on the opposite shore and were at the farmhouse, where they were purchasing milk and eggs, at the very moment when Dannie was seized. Mrs. Newman and the girls were not within hearing distance of the "Water Witch," and the men had time to tow the craft beyond the point spoken of before she was missed. They had pushed it into the mouth of a small creek, shaded by a thick overhanging growth of trees, and besides that they at once began to cut and break off thick branches which they fastened over the side of the boat toward the river so that it was almost covered. It would have taken sharp eyes to have found the "Water Witch"; and when night came the two men went to sleep well assured that they would not be discovered.

The clouds in the sky deepened, the wind grew stronger, and as night came on it began to rain. Dan-

nie struggled on through the underbrush and at last found himself in a small clearing. There was a low shed near the woods, built, perhaps, as a shelter for cattle, and the boy was glad enough to crouch under the leaky roof. He ate a part of his bread, and put the remainder inside his blouse to keep it dry.

He did not sleep for a long time. The wind seemed to increase every hour, and Dannie thought about his good friends exposed to the storm and felt that it was his fault. "I should have kept watch every minute," he said over and over again.

The men on board the "Water Witch" had made one mistake ; they had not fastened the boat carefully ; and as the wind increased and the rain swelled the current in the creek she pulled at her moorings, and finally broke loose and swung further out into the stream. So when they awakened at daybreak and came on deck they exclaimed in surprise and fear. The storm was over, the sun was shining, and the "Water Witch" was well out in the river in plain sight of both shores or of any craft coming up or down the stream. Beside this they saw a launch coming swiftly toward them, closely followed by a rowboat. The tramps did not stop to discuss their situation, but slid overboard and swam for the nearest shore.

## CHAPTER V

### A NIGHT IN THE RAIN

"I GUESS my eyesight isn't quite as good as it used to be," said Grandpa Newman, as he and Mr. Penrith came down to the shore from the farmhouse with the supplies they had purchased.

"Well! I've either lost my bearings altogether, or else the 'Water Witch' isn't where we left her," replied the captain of the launch, looking toward the opposite shore with anxious eyes.

"I can't make out a sign of her," said Mr. Newman, hurrying toward the launch. "I'm afraid that we stayed too long at the farmhouse. She couldn't have drifted out of sight in the time that we've been away."

"No, sir, she couldn't," agreed the captain, "and I believe somebody's stolen her."

"I hope they didn't take Dannie," said Mr. Newman.

"Most likely they would, sir. You see if they left him he could tell us just where to look for the boat."

As the two men discussed the situation they made ready the launch, and in a few minutes were steaming

swiftly across the river toward the house-boat's former moorings.

They watched the shores closely on their passage over, but could see nothing to help them to decide where the "Water Witch" had vanished.

"If she's stolen, and it looks as if there wasn't a doubt of that, the thieves would be more likely to go up-stream than down," said Mr. Newman.

Captain Penrith said nothing. He had not recovered from his surprise that a craft the size of the house-boat should disappear in two hours.

"You take the launch and cruise up-stream," directed Mr. Newman, "and I'll look about the shore here, and be here when the girls get back."

"All right," responded Captain Penrith, and the launch chugged cheerfully off up-stream at just about the time when the tramps were making the house-boat fast on the other side of the point.

Miss Abitha's party had had a most successful morning. They had obtained a number of fine specimens of the cardinal flower, and the evening primrose, beside choice growths of different ferns, and a little vine with round glossy leaves and yellow blossoms, of which none of them knew the name.

Rose had suggested that in addition to carefully

mounting and describing the plants and flowers that she and Constance should make careful drawings and studies in water colors.

"That will be just the thing," declared Miss Abitha, "and as soon as Lamb and I can get cameras again we will take photographs also. I believe the Neville High School would be glad of such a collection as this promises to be. Miss Wilson is sure to want one, and the 'Dannie Fund' will be in a flourishing condition."

The morning passed very happily, and it was noon before Mrs. Newman and the remainder of the party came out where they supposed the house-boat to be. Grandpa Newman was waiting for them, and quickly told them of its disappearance, and that he believed tramps had taken it.

The launch soon came in sight, but Captain Penrith had no news to give.

"If we only knew that Dannie is all right it wouldn't seem so dreadful," said Miss Abitha.

"They won't dare hurt Dannie," declared Grandpa Newman, "and he's a brave boy and a smart boy and will try and find some way of letting us know where the 'Water Witch' is."

It was the middle of the afternoon before any one of

the party remembered that they had not eaten since morning.

“There’s plenty of milk and eggs, and a peck of potatoes in the launch,” Captain Penrith reminded them. “I’ll build up a fire on these rocks and roast the potatoes, and you’ll all feel the better for a bite to eat.”

While they were eating the hot potatoes Constance exclaimed: “Look!” A rowboat with two boys in it was very near the launch.

“It’s the boys who came after the calf,” said Grandpa Newman, and went down to the shore to speak to them.

“Where’s your boat?” both the boys exclaimed, and before Mr. Newman could answer they began to explain their errand. They said that their father had lost a good rowboat, and that two tramps had been camping on the shore near their farm, and their father believed they had taken it and had sent these boys to warn the people in the house-boat to look out for them.

Before they had finished their story it began to rain; and Grandpa Newman told them what had happened, and the boys said they would tell their father and all would do their best to find Dannie and the missing boat.

Captain Penrith had noticed the darkening sky, and while the others were eating the luncheon he prepared he had hurried toward the woods and now came back with an armful of boughs.

"You must all come and help; we have got to make a shelter," he said; "it is setting in for a rainy night."

There was an axe and also a hand-saw on board the launch, and Grandpa Newman and Captain Penrith used these busily while the girls carried the brush to the spot selected for the shelter. It was a small group of pine trees, and Miss Abitha had already planted the larger boughs firmly in the earth between two of the small trees, so that one side of the brush house was begun.

"Run down to the launch and bring up the fish-lines, Eunice," said Miss Abitha, and as soon as the little girl was back with the balls of strong cord Miss Abitha fastened one end to one tree as far up as she could reach, and then across to another tree which stood at right angles from it. When she had finished the lines outlined a rough square, and furnished a support for the boughs that the others were bringing, so that it was possible to make a roof. When the men came hurrying to help with the building they declared it to be an excellent idea, and before the storm was

really upon them a fairly dry shelter was provided. Captain Penrith brought up a big square of canvas from the launch and spread it over the boughs which formed the roof. There was not much room in the "wigwam," as Myrtle called it; but Grandpa Newman and Captain Penrith had gone back to the woods to bring more brush to carpet the inside.

It was a most uncomfortable night for all of them. Grandpa and Captain Penrith sheltered themselves on the launch as best they could, and they were all glad enough when the rain ceased, and the first signs of dawn began to show.

Grandpa Newman was the first one to see the "Water Witch" drifting in the channel not a mile distant, and as the launch got up steam and started after her Constance called out:

"See, grandpa, there is a rowboat going toward her."

It proved to be the farmer and his oldest son, and the launch and rowboat reached the house-boat just as the thieves were making their best effort to reach shore.

"Let them go," said Grandpa Newman; "they are bound for the opposite shore, and we shan't see them again."

They looked the craft over carefully, but there was no trace of Dannie. The boat was not injured, although havoc had been made with its supplies; and Captain Penrith declared he could soon have it as immaculate as ever.

The great thing now was to find Dannie, and as soon as the "Water Witch" was safely fast at her old moorings, Grandpa Newman and the farmer and his son started along the shore, this time down-stream, in search of him. Captain Penrith was to stay with the "Water Witch."

"They would set the boy ashore wherever they anchored," declared the farmer, "and we can find that place because that is where my boat probably is."

They were in the farmer's boat, and as they rounded the long point the boy exclaimed, "There's our big boat now," and they could all see the missing boat fastened to a big oak tree whose boughs hung over the water.

But even now there seemed to be no way to trace Dannie, even if they had known that the men had set him ashore at this point. Nevertheless they landed, and pushed forward into the underbrush. Fortunately they chose the same direction that Dannie had taken, and soon came to the same little clearing.

"Perhaps he's in the shack!" suggested the farmer's

boy, and at that very instant a small figure appeared in the open door of the rough shelter.

“That’s Dannie!” exclaimed Mr. Newman thankfully, and hurried forward.

“Oh, Mr. Newman,” faltered Dannie, as he saw his good friend again, “I let those men steal your house-boat.”

“I don’t believe you let them, Dannie,” responded Grandpa Newman. “I guess you couldn’t help yourself.”

“No, sir, I couldn’t,” said Dannie, looking up with grateful eyes toward the kind face bent toward him, and he speedily told the story of his own capture, and of the men putting him on shore; and listened eagerly to Mr. Newman’s description of finding the house-boat.

On board the “Water Witch” everybody was busy that morning, and when Grandpa Newman and Dannie appeared there was a chorus of delighted voices to welcome them. There was a pleasing fragrance of fried bacon in the air, and it was a hungry and happy party that gathered at the long table for the breakfast, which Captain Penrith said was luncheon as well, for it was just the hour of noon.

“There! We have all had real adventures this time,”

declared Eunice in so pleased a voice that they all laughed.

"I should think you thought losing Dannie and the house-boat, and sleeping out in the rain was fun," said her sister.

"Well, it has all come out right, so we might as well think that way as not," replied Lamb; "anyway, no one can deny that it has been a real adventure. It was just like being captured by pirates."

## CHAPTER VI

### A YOUNG HEROINE

WHEN the house-boat left "Pirate's Landing," as the girls had named the place of their adventures, and moved slowly down the stream, Grandpa Newman told his passengers that their next stopping-place would be some famous mounds, or shell-heaps, near the mouth of the river. The girls were all looking forward to this stop, as they had often heard Miss Abitha tell of the wonderful mounds, many feet in height, which had been found on the banks of the river by the earliest explorers of the Maine Coast.

Dannie was in the launch with Captain Penrith, Grandpa Newman was steering the house-boat, and Mrs. Newman and Miss Abitha were talking together on the lower deck, while the six girls were on "the roof," as they liked to call the promenade deck. Rose Mason was busy making a water-color sketch of the cardinal flower, and close beside her sat Constance and Adrienne Glidden mounting ferns and delicate vines on firm cardboard. Lamb, Myrtle and Antoinette were leaning over the railing at the bow.

"It's lovely," exclaimed Antoinette, dreamily, looking toward the wooded shores as the house-boat moved steadily down the broad river. "I think a house on the river is a lot nicer than a house on land."

"So do I," agreed Myrtle enthusiastically. "Just think, whichever way we look we see something new and beautiful. And Miss Abitha says that at the mouth of the river, where the islands are, it is even more lovely."

"We will be in sight of the shell-heaps by noon," said Lamb, "and grandpa says we will stay near there for several days."

"What is Dannie doing?" exclaimed Myrtle, who had been watching the launch intently; "it looks as if he were half overboard. Look! Look! He is overboard, and Mr. Penrith doesn't know it."

At Myrtle's exclamation the girls all sprang to their feet.

"Miss Abitha! Miss Abitha!" screamed Lamb, "Dannie's overboard."

Constance realized what had happened instantly, and, while the other girls were calling for Miss Abitha and Mrs. Newman she had slipped off her blue serge skirt, kicked off her shoes, and was down the steep ladder and running toward the bow of the house-boat. She knew that Dannie could not swim, and that there was



THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOSE



no time to lose. She could see Dannie's head as he came to the surface, and, poising herself carefully on the rail she took a long, full breath and dived.

Miss Abitha and Mrs. Newman came out from the cabin just as Constance's slender figure sprang into the air, and a moment later the girls were on the lower deck telling the story.

"It's all right, Constance is sure to get him," said Miss Abitha; "she is a strong swimmer. Look, she has him now."

All eyes were eagerly fixed on the brave girl who had come up beside the struggling boy and was now holding his head above water. Grandpa Newman had quickly signaled Captain Penrith to stop the launch, and before Constance was at all tired he guided the launch close beside her and lifted Dannie in. Constance quickly followed him, laughing at Captain Penrith's exclamations of fear and praise.

"I never saw a real sailorman do a thing like that," he declared admiringly.

"Oh, that's what we learn to do at school," replied Constance. "Miss Abitha always told us not to be frightened at any accident, but always be ready to help. How are you, Dannie?" For Dannie was puffing and spluttering like a young grampus.

"I'm going to learn to swim, right off," declared the boy. "I'd have been drowned in another minute if you hadn't caught me," and he looked at Constance as if he thought she was the most wonderful person in the world.

Constance laughed again. "Well, I'm glad we saw you just as we did," she replied, "and I had a splendid swim. I think we'll all jump overboard now and then, just for the fun of it."

Captain Penrith shook his head solemnly. "Not without your grandpa's knowledge and consent," he said.

By this time the launch was close beside the house-boat, and as Constance climbed on board her mother's arms clasped her closely, and Constance wondered why her mother's eyes were wet.

"You dear, brave child," exclaimed Mrs. Newman.

Then all the girls were around her, and all praising her courage and presence of mind. It was Miss Abitha who remembered her wet clothes and sent her off to put on dry ones. Dannie had lost no time in getting into dry clothing, and when Constance came out of her cabin he was waiting for her. His face was flushed and rosy and he stammered a little when he began to speak.

"You—you—you were awful good to jump in the water after me," he said. "Captain Penrith says that you saved my life. I wanted to tell you that I'd do anything for you."

Constance smiled at the little boy's earnest face.

"That's all right, Dannie," she said. "The first thing you can do for me is to learn to swim; then when you tumble overboard you'll enjoy it and not be frightened at all. Get Captain Penrith to teach you."

"Yes, I'm going to learn right away," declared the boy; and he thought to himself that when he grew up and discovered new stars and planets that one of them should be named "Constance."

"How did it happen that you got overboard, Dannie?" Grandpa Newman asked.

"My fish-line got caught on the side of the boat, and I was leaning over to unfasten it," explained the boy.

"You are a real heroine, Sister," declared Lamb, as she sat down close beside Constance on the upper deck. "Why, when we saw what you were going to do we just held our breath in wonder, didn't we, girls?"

"Nonsense," laughed Constance. "I just happened to think what to do before the rest of you did; that's all."

"I'm not so sure but that is what makes heroism," said Miss Abitha quietly, "to think quickly and to act on the thought."

"Suppose we had all thought to jump overboard, it would have been like a flight of gulls," said Myrtle laughingly.

"Well, I know grandpa is just as proud as he can be," said Lamb. "I can see he is by the way he watches Constance."

Miss Abitha looked at Mrs. Newman and smiled, for they both felt that Constance deserved all the praise that her companions were so ready to give her.

Dannie was now back on the launch with Captain Penrith and listening to some excellent advice.

"You sit where I can keep an eye on you after this," said the captain warningly. "I feel considerable ashamed that I didn't pull you out of the river myself; but you were so far aft, and I was so took up with my engine, that I didn't know you was overboard."

Dannie carefully obeyed, and seated himself so near to the captain that he was within reach of his arm in case of accident.

"I consider it a first-rate plan for girls to learn to swim," continued Captain Penrith; "as I look at it, it's more important to swim than to speak a foreign lan-

guage. Now just as soon as we come to a good mooring I'll show you just what to do in case you tumble in again."

"Thank you," said Dannie, but he resolved to himself that he would not tumble in again.

It was a little before noon when the launch began to draw nearer the left bank of the river, and the house-boat party saw the big white shell-heaps very clearly.

"They look like white cliffs," said Rose Mason. "We must get Miss Abitha to tell us how they came here."

The house-boat was moored a short distance from the bank, on account of the shallowness of the water. Mrs. Newman said they would have luncheon on board and then go on shore for an exploring expedition. The shell-heaps were to be visited, the girls wanted to look for new plants and blossoms, and they were all sure that there would be a good deal of pleasure and interest in this landing.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WAWENOOCKS

EARLY in the afternoon Captain Penrith took them all ashore in the launch. "The house-boat will be perfectly safe here," said Grandpa Newman. "We can see it plainly from the shore; and besides that there are houses in sight on both sides of the river, so that tramps could not get to the boat without being seen."

The fields sloped down gently to the shore at this place so that the mounds of white shells rose up like miniature cliffs. There was a wooded sheltered background, and as Miss Abitha told them something of the history of the mounds, the girls all declared that it was just the place for the big clambakes and oyster feasts that must have been held there by the tribes of Indians who formerly inhabited those shores.

"Some of these are oyster shells, and big ones, too," said Grandpa Newman, picking up a shell several inches in circumference, "but I'd like to know where they found the oysters. There isn't an oyster bed on the coast of Maine now."

"Just see, the shells are in regular layers," said Rose, "and there seems to be charcoal all among them."

"Remnants of old fires," said Mrs. Newman. "I suppose generation after generation came here at certain times in the year to feast on oysters, clams and lobsters. When the first white men landed here, in 1614, these shell-heaps were here then."

"What was the name of the tribes who used to live here?" asked Myrtle.

"The Indian inhabitants of Maine were divided into two great confederacies," said Grandpa Newman; "each confederacy included a number of tribes. The tribe which inhabited this district were the Wawenocks, and they belonged to the Confederacy of the Etechemins. This place was a great centre for the Wawenocks. You see it is a southern slope to the river, well sheltered in the background by woods. There are clam flats near by, and just beyond the islands, at the mouth of the river, are harbors and fine fishing grounds. So they could gather here and fish and feast and enjoy life."

"Why can't we have a clambake here, just as the Indians used to?" asked Lamb eagerly.

"You can, just as well as not; that is, if your mother says so," replied Captain Penrith. "I can get a fine basket of clams just beyond that point when the tide

goes out, and I should admire to cook them just as the Indians used to."

Mrs. Newman said she thought it would be an excellent plan, and it was settled that on the next day they should have a clambake near the old Indian shell-heaps.

"What does 'Wawenock' mean?" Constance asked.

"It means 'very brave,' 'fearing nothing,'" answered grandpa.

"You are a Wawenock, Sister," declared Lamb, "for you are not afraid of anything."

"They were a very good people," continued Grandpa Newman; "not only were they brave and fearless, but they were naturally a people opposed to war; and would not have fought against the whites had not other tribes persuaded them. A number of this tribe were captured by one of the early explorers and taken to England. They were, however, well cared for, and in due time sent back to their own people."

"There's a queer thing to be seen on one of the islands down here," said Captain Penrith, "and that is those cooking-pots that were cut out of the ledges. They are of good size and fairly deep."

"How could they cook in holes and ledges?" asked Lamb.

"I reckon 'twas pretty simple cooking," replied

Captain Penrith. "I've been told that they would fill these pot holes with water and then put in their vegetables, corn, or whatever they had, and meat, like as not, and then chuck in red-hot stones and the heat from these would do the cooking."

"Will we land at that island?" asked Myrtle.

"Yes, indeed," said Grandpa Newman, "we must see all that we can of these historic places. You know Captain John Smith, of Virginia, whose life was saved by an Indian girl, used to cruise along these shores. He built several vessels on one of the islands, and he had a good word to say for the Indians."

"I have thought of something!" declared Antoinette Glidden so earnestly that the others began laughing at her serious face.

"Tell us what it is?" suggested Rose Mason.

"Not if I am going to be laughed at," said Antoinette, smilingly, "but I think it would be fine if this house-boat party could be a tribe and call themselves the 'Wawenocks.'"

"The Wawenocks were known as a very handsome people," said Miss Abitha so solemnly that they all laughed again.

"That's a good idea, Antoinette," said Constance, "and didn't every tribe have a chief?"

"Yes," responded Miss Abitha, "the chief was supposed to be the bravest Indian of them all. And it was his duty to see that his tribe were well provided with food, that each one did his part in providing for all, and if any trouble came up it was the chief who was expected to settle it wisely and with justice to all."

"Let's elect our chief now," said Antoinette; "let's have Constance Newman for chief."

There was a chorus of approval at this suggestion; but it took some persuasion to convince Constance that she wanted the honorable position.

"I think that Captain Penrith ought to be chief," she said; "he is the one who has to provide things for us to eat, and select our camps, and pilot our boat. How could I look after a tribe?" But at last she agreed to accept the proud position of "Chief of the Wawenocks."

"Didn't the Indians have war dances when they elected a chief?" asked Myrtle.

"Not the Wawenocks," replied Grandpa Newman.

"We might have a 'Peace Dance,'" suggested Miss Abitha; "this field is full of daisies, and if I were chief of this tribe I should command my faithful braves to gather as many daisies as possible and weave garlands for their chief."

The "braves" did not wait for their chief to command, but all hurried off and soon returned with big bunches of daisies. These, under Miss Abitha's directions, they wove into garlands and chains. The largest garland was slipped over Constance's head by Antoinette who announced: "With this garland I crown thee Wawenock, chief of our tribe."

Miss Abitha, Mrs. Newman, Grandpa Newman, Captain Penrith, and Dannie, as well as all the girls, were furnished with wreaths of daisies. The long daisy chain was laid loosely about the shoulders of each one, except Constance. Then they formed in a circle and danced slowly about her until she ran between Lamb and Myrtle, seizing their hands, and joining in the dance.

"Now you are really a chief," declared Lamb, "and whatever you tell us to do that we must do."

"The tribe can have council meetings if their chief is not fair," said Miss Abitha, who seemed very well posted in tribal customs.

"I guess we'd better be getting back to the boat," suggested Captain Penrith; "we're near enough to the ocean to notice the tide along here; it's beginning to ebb, and the water isn't none too deep as it is."

So they all went through the field to the shore, taking their daisy garlands with them, and were soon on

board the "Water Witch." It was nearly sunset, and when Captain Penrith called them to supper they all declared that it had been the most pleasant day of the voyage.

After supper Captain Penrith and Dannie took the small rowboat, and with a big basket and a clam-fork, which Captain Penrith had on the launch, they started for the flats beyond the point, where they could procure the clams for the next day's feast.

"We must write Grandma Newman a letter to-night," suggested Grandpa Newman. "I can take it over to a village near here and mail it; she will want to hear all about our voyage."

The girls all wanted to write, and it was rather a bulky envelope which Grandpa Newman sealed and directed to Pine Tree Farm.

The summer evening was fading into darkness when Dannie and Captain Penrith returned. The big basket was full of fine clams, and all the party looked forward eagerly to the next day's feast on the old camping ground of the Wawenocks.

"Just think, Constance, of all that has happened," said Lamb, as the two sisters went to bed that night; "you have saved Dannie's life, and have been elected chief of a tribe."

“Nonsense,” murmured Constance sleepily. “It’s much more important that we are going to have a clam-bake to-morrow.”

“Why, Constance Newman!” exclaimed Lamb reproachfully, and then all was quiet in the cabin. Nothing could be heard except the little lap, lap, of the water against the sides of the house-boat, and now and then the call of some night-loving bird from the shore.

## CHAPTER VIII

### AN OLD FRIEND APPEARS

“WHO wants to go on a search for a village?” asked Grandpa Newman on the morning of the day set for the clambake. “I must discover a post-office so that the people at Pine Tree Farm may hear from us.”

“I have written to Elinor Perry and I want to mail that,” said Eunice.

“And I have written to Clare Seymour,” said Constance.

Elinor and Clare were two of the pupils at Miss Wilson’s school; Elinor and Eunice were both interested in photography; and, after many misunderstandings, Constance and Clare had become friends.

“Well,” said Mrs. Newman, “I suppose that means that you both want to go with your grandpa. Who else wants to go?”

“I do,” declared Myrtle, and in a few moments Captain Penrith had set them ashore, and they were walking through the field up a foot-path which Grandpa Newman was sure led to a road.

The path came out near a farmhouse which faced on

a broad, well-traveled road. A pleasant-faced man was at work in a flower-garden near the house.

He nodded smilingly as the little party came near.

“I reckon you folks are from the house-boat ?” he said. “I tell you our folks were some surprised to see a craft of that build coming down the river. We look to see most anything come up from the islands and coast, but most of the shipping from up-river is sloops and cat-boats.”

Grandpa Newman told the farmer about the “Water Witch,” and the man seemed so much interested that Mr. Newman invited him to join them on their return from the village and go on board.

“That will be complete !” declared the farmer. “My name is Perry, Silas Perry, and we’ve got a niece here on a visit ; she came last night. I should say she was about the age of this little girl,” and he nodded toward Eunice, “and if you have no objections I should admire to bring her along. She’s up in the pasture with her aunt just now.”

“We will be glad to see your niece,” responded Grandpa Newman cordially ; “we are going to have a clambake on the shore, and I am sure the girls would all be very happy to have your little guest stay and have clams with us.”

"Yes, indeed," said Constance; "tell her to be sure and plan to stay as long as she can."

Mr. Perry seemed greatly pleased by the invitation, and pointed out the direction of the post-office.

"It ain't quite a mile," he said, "and it's shady and pleasant all the way, and a straight road."

"Won't it seem queer to have a new girl whom we never saw or heard of?" said Myrtle, as they walked along. "I wonder what she will be like?"

"She will probably feel a little strange and frightened among so many strangers, so we must all do our best to help her feel at home and among friends."

"Yes, oh, chief!" replied Lamb.

"Perhaps she will want to join the Wawenocks," suggested Grandpa Newman.

The girls all looked sober at this.

"We couldn't let her!" declared Lamb; "could we, chief?"

"I should have to call a council of the tribe," answered Constance so seriously that they all laughed.

It was not long before they found themselves nearing the little group of houses which formed the village. They passed the blacksmith shop, where a horse was being shod; the schoolhouse, with its neat yard and flag-pole, the village church with its tall spire, and then

came to a weather-worn building where the sign "Post-Office" was displayed.

Grandpa Newman dropped his letter into the box, and Constance mailed her letter to Clare.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Eunice, who had been searching her pocket, and even looking in her hat, "I have lost my letter to Elinor."

"You can write another to-night," said Constance.

"It will be too late," wailed Eunice, "for she is going away on a visit and I don't know where."

The letter could not be found, so they started on their way back, each one looking along the road for some sign of the lost missive.

When they came in sight of the farmhouse again, Constance stopped suddenly.

"Look!" she exclaimed, "if that strange girl isn't running to meet us. I can tell you we won't have her in our tribe. The idea of a strange ——"

But she was interrupted by an exclamation from Eunice, and by seeing her start toward the stranger as fast as she could run.

"Call Lamb back, grandpa," she said earnestly. "Why, Myrtle Green!" for Myrtle, too, had rushed after Lamb; and a moment later, Constance saw Lamb

and Myrtle and the strange girl with their arms about each other and talking like old friends.

"Well!" exclaimed Constance, "I call that being a little too friendly with a girl you never saw before. Why!" and without a word of explanation to her bewildered grandfather Constance left him and ran swiftly toward the other girls.

"Well! Well!" said Grandpa Newman, as he followed more slowly, "it looks to me as if there was a surprise in this. I wonder what it is?"

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" exclaimed Lamb, as he drew near the group, "who do you suppose the farmer's niece is? It's our dear Elinor Perry."

"Well! Well!" said Grandpa Newman again, with as much surprise as the girls could hope for.

"And she found my letter to her right beside the fence, and so she knew all about us. Isn't it lovely?"

Mr. Silas Perry came to meet them. He seemed to be as pleased as the rest of the party were; and when they reached the farmhouse Mrs. Perry was standing at the door, and was introduced to them all by Elinor.

"I call this real fortunate," said Mrs. Perry. "We were afraid Elinor would be lonesome here at first, but now she is sure to have a nice time."

"Yes, indeed," said Lamb; "we'll stay at this place a week, won't we, grandpa?"

"Of course we will," agreed Grandpa Newman heartily, "but I expect we must be going toward the shore now, for Captain Penrith will want to begin to cook the clams."

Mrs. Perry was persuaded to go with them, and as they walked down through the field they could see that the rest of the party had landed, and that Captain Penrith and Dannie were busy on the shore making ready a place for the fire.

There were more exclamations of surprise when Rose and the Glidden twins saw their visitor, and it was a very happy party of girls which gathered near the Indian shell-heaps.

"I do think Elinor ought to be taken into the tribe," said Lamb.

"Of course she should," agreed Rose.

"I suppose we should have a council meeting to act on it," said Adrienne.

"I appoint Antoinette Glidden and Myrtle Green to summon the Wawenocks to a council meeting, to be held near the shell-heaps directly after the clambake," announced Constance; and Myrtle and Antoinette rose to their feet, bowed low before their chief, and started out on their mission.

"I reckon you'll have to manage without me," Captain Penrith declared; "that'll be a time when I shall be too busy with my dishes to attend a council meeting," but the other "braves" said that they would be present, and Miss Abitha asked the favor of a few words in private with the chief.

"We ought to have some very impressive ceremony when we take a new member into the tribe," she said, as she and Constance walked a little way from the others.

"Of course we should," agreed the chief, "but I am sure I don't know what tribes do."

"We will have to think up something," said Miss Abitha; "of course we don't want another peace dance, but we might have a procession."

The two talked busily together for some moments, and when they returned to the group Constance announced that each member of the tribe was to go to the woods and bring all the ferns he or she could find. They promptly obeyed, Grandpa Newman and his daughter leading the way. It was not long before they returned with armfuls of feathery green ferns, which they placed carefully at Constance's feet.

Captain Penrith now called out that the clams were ready, and that each one must come and help himself.

So they all hurried down to the shore. The clams had been cooked by first building a fire on the shore until the rocks were hot, then the clams, covered with rock-weed, were piled up on the hot rocks, and now were perfectly cooked and ready to eat. Captain Penrith had provided dishes of melted butter and plates of crackers, and when Miss Abitha declared that she was thirsty Dannie brought her a glass of cool lemonade.

“I guess the Indians didn’t have crackers and butter and lemonade,” Dannie said as he sat down close beside Grandpa Newman.

“I don’t suppose they did, Dannie,” replied Grandpa Newman, “but we can see that they had excellent appetites by looking at those shell-heaps.”

The Wawenocks assembled in front of one of the mounds as soon as they had finished their luncheon. Grandpa Newman and his daughter were excused from the council meeting, and took Mr. and Mrs. Perry on board the “Water Witch” to show them how convenient and comfortable a house built on a boat could be.

The chief of the tribe and Elinor Perry went a little distance away from the others and sat down in the shade of a broad-spreading beech-tree.

“Now, girls,” said Miss Abitha, picking up a hand-

ful of the feathery ferns, "your chief has decided that it is fitting for us all to wear head-dresses of feathers, and these are the feathers. Come here, Lamb, and I will arrange your head-dress."

"I will do yours, Rose," volunteered Myrtle, and in a short time a circle of nodding ferns surrounded each head. Ferns were fastened about their shoulders and skirts, and as they advanced, Indian file, and bowed before their chief they made a very pretty picture.

As they bowed each member of the tribe laid a handful of ferns on Constance's lap. Then they surrounded Elinor, fastening ferns in her hair and about her dress, and then led her to bow before the chief.

"Does this new brave know the meaning of Wawenock?" questioned Constance.

"I do, oh, chief," replied Elinor.

"Do you promise to be brave, to avoid quarrels and to live in peace with other tribes?" continued the chief.

Elinor bowed low, and again responded:

"I do, oh, chief."

"Then, with the consent of the tribe, I pronounce you a Wawenock," declared Constance.

"What lovely things happen," said Lamb, as she and Elinor again talked over the surprise of seeing each



THEY ADVANCED, INDIAN FILE



other. "Just think of our sailing right up to your uncle's farm."

"Do you think your mother will let you go back to the farm and stay all night?" asked Elinor. "My aunt said she would ask her."

"Oh, I hope she will," said Lamb.

Mrs. Newman agreed to the plan, and late in the afternoon the Perrys said good-bye to the house-boat party, and, accompanied by Eunice, went across the field to the farm.

"I am so glad that you are going to stay here a week," said Elinor. "I have my camera and we will take photographs of the Wawenocks and of the shell-mounds. And Aunt Perry says she can show us where to find sea-moss."

"I am glad, too," responded Lamb. "Do you know, Elinor, I have made up my mind to try and be like my sister Constance and Rose Mason!"

"Why, of course!" answered Elinor, as if she supposed Lamb would naturally have that ambition.

"I believe I have found out one reason why they always do the right thing," said Lamb thoughtfully, but Elinor did not ask the reason, and the two little girls went quietly on across the pleasant fields and were soon at the farmhouse gate.

## CHAPTER IX

### HAPPY DAYS

ON the morning of the walk to the post-office, Rose and Miss Abitha had walked along the shore to the point near where Captain Penrith and Dannie had dug the clams. Here on the slope of a ledge Miss Abitha had discovered some of the vine-like sea-mosses which cling to the rough surfaces of ledges washed by the tide.

“This will be a valuable part of your collection,” said Miss Abitha, “if it is prepared carefully.”

“Yes, indeed,” replied Rose eagerly. “Just see the delicate purples and rose tints in that bit floating in the water. To-morrow Constance and I will come over and get some.” So on the day after the clambake the two girls were set ashore and made their way to the point.

“I don’t think this is very pretty,” said Constance, holding up a mass of gray, slimy moss.

“It will be, Constance, as soon as it is cleansed of the

sand and when it is properly prepared and mounted. Put it in the basket. I know all the girls will want to help prepare it, so we will wait until Eunice and Elinor come down this afternoon," said Rose.

It did not take long to gather quite a quantity of the moss. Constance did not understand how it could be beautiful until Rose pointed out a bit floating in one of the little pools on the shore.

"There!" she said; "now you can see that it is as lovely as any flower."

"But that is in water."

"Wait till you see it on paper," responded Rose.

Eunice and Elinor returned to the house-boat in time for luncheon. Captain Penrith and Grandpa Newman had been busy during the morning putting an awning over the promenade deck.

"It's more like a house than ever," said Antoinette admiringly.

When Captain Penrith called them to luncheon there was a pleasant chorus of exclamations, for he had set the table on what Eunice called the "back porch." This was the lower deck just aft of the cabins.

"It's just like eating out-of-doors," said Dannie.

"Why can't we have all our meals here on pleasant days?" suggested Mrs. Newman.

"You can, ma'am, if you say the word," said Captain Penrith; so it was decided that after this the "back porch" should be the dining-room.

Directly after luncheon Rose and Constance carried their basket of sea-mosses to the upper deck. Mrs. Newman had purchased a number of folding tables as a part of the house-boat's equipment and these were now put in place on the upper deck for the girls' use. Each girl secured a tin pan or basin from Captain Penrith, according to Miss Abitha's directions, and filled it with water; and she also gave them each a dozen squares of coarse brown wrapping-paper. Then, seating herself at the table with the Glidden twins, she began to show them how to prepare the sea-moss.

"Look," she said, lifting a bit from one of the baskets, "each one of you take several pieces of moss and put it all in your pan of water. Let it float there for a few moments, till it clears itself of sand. Remember it is very delicate and must be handled most carefully. As soon as a piece is clear and clean spread it out on one of these brown paper squares."

"Is that all there is to it?" asked Myrtle in a disappointed voice.

"No, that is the beginning," replied Miss Abitha smilingly, "but beginnings are very important things."

And it is important that the moss should be spread out carefully and delicately, and then that another square of brown paper should be laid over it. The brown paper absorbs the moisture."

Just then Dannie appeared at the head of the stairway, pulling a heavy basket after him. He had been ashore in the small rowboat and picked up a basketful of smooth, flat rocks. He set the basket down beside Miss Abitha.

"These were the very best I could find," he said.

"They are just right," said Miss Abitha, and Dannie hurried off to help Captain Penrith.

"What are you going to do with those rocks, Miss Abitha?" asked Elinor Perry.

"As soon as you have spread out three or four bits of moss you must put a weight on the top bit of paper," explained Miss Abitha; "that will keep them in place, and make it easier to mount them."

"I thought this was mounting them," said Lamb.

"This is just getting ready; to-morrow or next day will be the time to mount them."

The girls all became much interested in the work. The moss as it floated in the clear water showed many delicate colors and shades, and they all declared it to be the most interesting part of preparing their flower

collection. Rose was to write out a description of the moss, telling where it was found, and Miss Abitha promised to add its scientific names.

"My!" exclaimed Elinor Perry suddenly, jumping up from her seat, "I promised Aunt Perry that you would all come home with me about four o'clock this afternoon and stay to tea. You will, won't you?"

The girls all turned toward Mrs. Newman, who was helping Constance with her moss. Mrs. Newman nodded smilingly. "Of course you girls can all go," she said, "and I am sure your aunt is very kind, Elinor, to ask us, but I think grandpa and I will let Miss Abitha have all the responsibility this afternoon, and we will go up and see your aunt to-morrow, Elinor."

It was therefore decided in that way, and Captain Penrith rowed them ashore.

"I'll be watching for you early in the evening," he said, as the little party started off toward the farmhouse.

"This is a good full tide," remarked Captain Penrith as he brought the rowboat alongside the house-boat and Dannie grasped the rope and made it fast, "and if I were a boy about your size I should go in swimming."

"I don't know how to swim," replied Dannie, a little tone of reproach in his voice; for it was now nearly a

week since the captain had promised to teach him, but nothing further had been said about it.

Captain Penrith chuckled at Dannie's injured look, but responded quickly: "That's so, and it begins now to look as if it was my fault. Well, there's no time like the present, as the fox said when he had young turkey for dinner, so just unhitch that rope and you and I will take a run in around the point and start a swimming school."

"It will be fine to tell Jimmie and Mary that I have learned to swim," Dannie said happily, as he held the steering lines of the boat and Captain Penrith rowed down the stream.

Dannie's first lesson was a success. He was not at all afraid, which Captain Penrith declared to be half the battle, and he obeyed every direction given him, so that he had a very good idea of swimming before they returned to the launch.

"Do you suppose I could make a little house-boat, just like the 'Water Witch'?" Dannie asked on the way back from the swimming lesson.

"Got a good jack-knife?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied Dannie.

"Then I don't see any reason to prevent your making one. There's plenty of good pieces of wood along

these shores. I calculate you mean a sort of doll's house-boat?"

"Yes, sir," said Dannie eagerly, "that's just what I mean. I'd like to take it home as a present to the children."

Captain Penrith nodded approvingly. "You can do it just as well as not," he said; "there's a fine chance on the launch for you to work, and you can begin any time you want to."

"I'll begin to-morrow," said Dannie.

"No time like the present," agreed the captain.

The girls were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Perry, and Elinor led them to the little grove of chestnut trees on the slope back of the house where they found hammocks hung, and a number of round tables set.

"We are going to have supper here," she explained. "Aunt Perry thought that we would all enjoy it more than being indoors."

"I can see the top of the 'Water Witch,'" said Constance, looking off toward the river.

"Yes, Uncle Silas was up here the morning your boat came to anchor. He says that in olden times the settlers used this hill for a lookout, and if any strange craft was seen coming up from the coast, or canoes came down the river, signal-fires were built here so

that the settlers could keep a sharp outlook for any trouble."

"This grove would be a fine place for an entertainment," said Myrtle, thoughtfully; "the stage could be right here under these two big trees. Let's make up a play right now. Miss Abitha and Mrs. Perry and Adrienne can be early settlers. Constance and Rose and Elinor can be a dangerous foe, and Eunice, Antoinette and I can be friendly Wawenocks who arrive just in time to save the settlers from being captured."

They all agreed that it would be great fun. The hammocks were decided upon as the settlers' homes. The dangerous foe came down upon them from the grove, and just as the settlers were being led away to captivity the war-cry of the brave Wawenocks was heard, a rescue quickly made, and the group, flushed and laughing, threw themselves on the soft earth to rest.

"I think it is fun to make up games," said Myrtle, drawing a long breath, and brushing her hair back from her warm forehead.

"I believe I like more quiet amusements," said Mrs. Perry laughingly.

By the time they were rested from Myrtle's game, Mr. Perry was seen coming up the hill carrying two large

baskets, and in a few moments they were all busy spreading the small tables and making ready for supper. There were pitchers of cool milk, big plates of chicken sandwiches, dishes of ripe strawberries and an abundance of sugar cookies. The girls were all hungry, and the appetizing food was warmly welcomed.

When the sun began to disappear Miss Abitha said that it was time to start on their walk to the river, and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Perry for the pleasant entertainment they said their good-nights. Eunice was to stay at the farm again for the night with Elinor, greatly to her delight.

As the two little girls went up to Elinor's pleasant chamber which faced toward the river, Elinor said :

“ Eunice, I know now what you meant when you said that you had found out one reason why every one likes Rose. I have been watching her all the afternoon ; and I guess the reason is because Rose likes everybody.”

But Lamb shook her head. “ That wasn't what I meant,” she replied ; “ of course Rose likes us all, and of course she shows it. But I do believe, Elinor,” and Lamb's voice was very serious, “ that Rose would treat strangers just as well as she does us.”

“ I wouldn't ! ” declared Elinor. “ I think we ought to treat our friends the best.”

“Yes,” said Lamb, “that’s what I thought when I got up the plan of the Glee Club to keep the twins from studying. I thought it was fine, and that I was helping Constance win the prize. But I wasn’t. I was just being underhand and mean. And the twins are our good friends now. I think Rose Mason treats strangers just as if they might some day be friends, and I guess that’s the right way.”

As Miss Abitha and the rest of her party reached the “Water Witch” she began singing :

“A strong no’wester’s blowing,  
Say, don’t you hear it roar?  
Lor’ bless ’em, how I pities ’em,  
Unhappy folks ashore.”

Grandpa Newman laughed as he heard the gay little song, and thought to himself that he wished Grandma Newman had decided to come on the house-boat. “She would enjoy it as much as Abitha does. I believe after we go down the river we will get back to Pine Tree Farm in time to persuade her to take a trip up the river.”

## CHAPTER X

### A RIDE AND AN ADVENTURE

A WEEK went quickly by, and the house-boat was still moored near the shell-heaps. Eunice had stayed at the farm with Elinor every night, but early each morning the two girls appeared on the river bank ready for whatever good time the day might bring.

There had been one day of rain during the week when the house-boat party had been glad to stay in the big living-room. The girls had busied themselves with mounting the sea-mosses on squares of firm white paper. They found it a very easy matter. The brown wrapping-paper had so absorbed the moisture, and the rocks had kept them so smoothly in place, that now it was a very simple matter to attach them neatly to the white cardboard with a little clear flour paste, which Miss Abitha carefully prepared.

Grandpa Newman had set the day for leaving the Perry farm, and Mr. and Mrs. Perry had said that on the last day of their stay the passengers of the "Water Witch" must be their guests. This kind invitation was

gladly accepted, for there had been a number of good times at the farm, and the girls were all sure that Mr. and Mrs. Perry had planned some special pleasure for this last day.

Captain Penrith would be busy preparing the boat for its further voyage, so he could not be one of the party. The others were all ready in good season, and as they walked up through the field Elinor and Eunice came running to meet them.

“Constance, there’s a surprise,” Lamb whispered to her sister, as they walked along together.

Constance laughed at Lamb’s eager delight, but did not ask what the surprise would be ; but in a moment they all knew, for, as they came in sight of the farmhouse a big hay wagon stood in the yard. It was half full of fresh, clean straw, and Mr. Perry was just harnessing a pair of big gray horses to the wagon. A number of baskets stood on the porch, where Mrs. Perry was waiting for them.

“Just in time,” called out Mr. Perry. “We thought that you people ought to see something of the land about here, as well as the water, and we are going to drive you to Falls Point.”

“That sounds like water,” replied Grandpa Newman. “Well, so it does,” agreed Mr. Perry, “but I am not

going to tell you about it until you see it. There's some cushions in the wagon, if you like them better than straw."

The soft straw made very comfortable seats, and the girls all said it was more fun than riding in a carriage. Mr. Perry drove, and Dannie stood close beside him. The road was not very wide, and was shaded by overhanging elms and maples. Mrs. Perry told them, as they rode along, stories of the early settlement of Maine.

"Our house has an interesting history," she said, when she found that her hearers were all listening eagerly. "Great-grandfather Perry settled first in Marblehead, Massachusetts. He came from England with several others who wanted to make a home in the new country, and their little vessel was filled with household stuff. He was a man who liked his own way so well that he could not agree with his new neighbors, so, after a year or two at Marblehead, he re-loaded the little schooner and sailed off down this coast. He came up the river to the shell-heaps, and decided that he would make that place his home.

"He took up several hundred acres, built a rough log cabin, and established his family. As soon as he could he built the house where we live, and which his descendants have always owned."

"Didn't the Indians ever attack the house?" asked Myrtle.

"No," replied Mrs. Perry; "you see the tribe living near here were the Wawenocks, a kind and friendly people; once they even protected Great-grandfather Perry and his family from a party of Indians of another tribe."

Myrtle and Adrienne nodded smilingly at each other at this pleasant history of their adopted tribe.

It was nearly noon when Mr. Perry stopped his team by the roadside.

"Jump out, Dannie," he said, "and take down that pair of bars, and after I drive through put them up carefully."

"Yes, sir," responded Dannie, and in a moment Mr. Perry was guiding his team along a grass-grown road which led through a rough, pasture-like field.

"This is Falls Point," he said.

Above the narrow field they could see a broad stream of water full of ripples and currents, and below the field the water seemed to dash about over numberless rocks.

"What stream is this?" asked Grandpa Newman.

"We call it Skilling's River," replied Mr. Perry; "it empties into the harbor some miles below here."

"How does it get round this field?" asked Elinor wonderingly; "I can't see that there is any opening."

"That's where Falls Point comes in," replied her uncle. "Look straight down, and listen."

The field ended in a high bluff, and Mr. Perry turned his horses carefully around, and the passengers in the wagon obeyed his suggestion to "look straight down, and listen."

In fact they had all been listening for some time to a dull roar which came from the end of the point. Now as they looked down and saw the water forcing its way through the narrow passage, dancing over the rough ledge in its way, and then falling over in a body of spray, they all exclaimed in wonder.

"Couldn't get the 'Water Witch' through there, could we, Constance?" said Grandpa Newman.

Mr. Perry now led the horses under the shade of a big maple and unhitched them from the wagon. Then all of the party except he and Dannie hurried back to look at the falls again.

"Can't I help you take care of the horses, Mr. Perry?" asked Dannie.

"Why, yes, my boy, I shall be glad of your help," replied Mr. Perry, looking approvingly at the manly little figure. "This is a pretty warm day, and I

thought I would rub off the horses with some of this dry grass before I gave them a drink, and you can help me."

It was not long before the horses were well taken care of, and fastened in a shady place, and Mr. Perry and Dannie joined the others on the bluff.

"We could get down to the water here as easy as can be," suggested Lamb, "and I can see an evening primrose in blossom down there. May Elinor and I go, mother?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newman, "go carefully, and don't go to the very edge of the water."

Rose and Dannie joined them in scrambling down the steep side of the bluff. There were many little shrubs growing on the bank to which they could hold, and this made their descent easy.

"How loud the noise is down here," said Rose, "and it is really quite a fall. I wonder if a boat ever went through here?"

"I'll bet the Indians used to go through in their canoes," said Dannie, who had gone close to the shore, and was standing on a big log which the stream had washed up on the rocks. One end of the log was in the water, and now and then it bobbed up and down in the waves as the current swept near the shore.

Dannie thought it was good fun to balance himself on the swaying log. He did not mean to take any risk of danger. It seemed to him that the log was pretty firmly grounded on the shore; but his jumping up and down on it, together with the sweep of the current, loosened its hold on the rocks. Finally one wave stronger than the others dislodged it and set it free to be swept out into the rushing waters and over the falls.

It swung out from shore so quickly that Dannie had no time to jump. He stumbled and fell astride of the log, and had presence of mind enough to cling to it with legs and arms. He realized instantly that there was no hope of reaching the shore. He must go over the falls, then; if he had not been swept from the log, there was a chance that he might reach the shore.

The current seized the log and carried it swiftly through the passage. At the falls it seemed to stand almost on end for an instant, and then disappeared in the cloud of spray.

As Rose saw the log move out from the shore, she had sprung instinctively toward it hoping to get hold of Dannie before he was out of reach. But she was too late. To climb the bluff and find Grandpa Newman and Mr. Perry would take too much time. She realized quickly that if Dannie could only cling to the

log it might be possible to save him if some one was ready to help below the falls.

“Come on, girls,” she said, climbing swiftly over the rocks. And Lamb and Elinor, frightened and speechless, obeyed.

It was a hard scramble to get to the lower side of the point, but they succeeded. They came out on a small stretch of sand, and for the first time turned their eyes toward the water, which seemed made up of eddies and currents.

“Oh, there he is,” cried Eunice.

Sure enough, toward the shore where they stood there was a stretch of comparatively smooth water and into this, by great good fortune, the log had drifted. And on top of the log sat Dannie safe and well.

## CHAPTER XI

### FAREWELL TO THE FARM

“How can we get him ashore?” exclaimed Lamb.

“Don’t try to swim, Dannie,” called Rose; “there is too much undertow here.”

Dannie heard. “I’ll get ashore,” he shouted, and the girls could see that he was kicking his feet vigorously, and that the log was actually moving slowly toward the shore. Rose took off her shoes and stockings, tucked up her skirts, and waded carefully out so that as the log came near she could grasp one end of it and draw it to shore.

When Dannie found himself safe on land again, he also found that his arms and legs were bruised, and that he could hardly stand.

“My!” he whispered, as Rose and Elinor led him up to the warm grassy field. “I didn’t much think I could do it.”

“Dannie Woodyear! Did you go over those falls on purpose?” demanded Lamb.

“No!” answered the surprised boy, “but I mean

when I found that the log was going I was afraid I couldn't hold on to it."

Mrs. Newman and the rest of the party had not stayed on the bluff long enough to see what had befallen Dannie. They had all gone to the upper side of the point where there were a number of large trees under whose shade the Perrys had planned to have luncheon.

Everything was ready, and Myrtle volunteered to go to the bluff and call Rose and her companions to luncheon. She was gone but a few moments when she came running back.

"I can't see them anywhere," she said, and at that very moment the call decided upon by the Wawenocks as a tribal call was heard, and they all looked in surprise at the little party coming so slowly across the field. Rose and Elinor were leading Dannie, who evidently walked with difficulty, and Eunice came on behind them.

"My soul! What has happened to Dannie Wood-year?" exclaimed Miss Abitha, setting down a custard pie so carelessly that it was overturned and ruined, as she ran quickly forward to meet them.

Dannie's story was soon told, and in a few moments his wet garments were spread on some low-growing shrubs to dry in the sun, and, wrapped in a shawl

which Mrs. Perry had brought, he was enjoying the excellent luncheon as well as the rest of the party.

"You are not the first person to go over those falls on a log, Dannie," said Mr. Perry. "I remember when I was a boy that there was a great gathering here one Fourth of July. A man had made a bet that he could go over those falls on a log, and everybody came to see if he could. There is a certain swell of the tide from the ocean here, and on that swell the water is more calm, and he chose that time for the attempt. The bluff was crowded with people who came from all the neighboring towns, and below the falls on either side people gathered."

"Did he go through all right?" asked Dannie.

"Yes," replied Mr. Perry. "It was really quite a sight. A boat with the log in tow lay anchored in this calm bit of water above the falls, and at just noon the man stepped from the boat to the log and poled it out until the current caught it. Then he used the pole to balance himself with, and he went through the eddies very skilfully. No one dared shout, for we all expected he would topple off and go under, and there were several boats below the falls and men ready with ropes to help him. When he came to the falls he managed some way not to lose his footing, but the

current below the falls was too much for his balance and he was glad to cling to his log with legs and arms. He won his bet, however, for he did go over the falls on a log."

"That was the time the town voted that it should be against the law for any one ever again to attempt such a thing, wasn't it, Silas?" questioned Mrs. Perry.

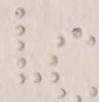
"I believe it was," replied her husband; "but we will let Dannie off this time if he will promise never to do such a thing again."

"I didn't want to go over this time," said Dannie, thinking of his bruised knees and shoulders.

The summer afternoon passed quickly, and twilight found them at the farm again. This time it would be good-bye to Elinor instead of good-night, as the house-boat would leave its moorings early the next morning. The girls were all sorry to leave Elinor, and they all thanked her uncle and aunt for all the pleasant days at the farm.

The little party walked quietly across the field toward the shore. They could see the lights of the "Water Witch" reflected in the water, and the figure of Captain Penrith who was waiting at the landing with the launch to set them aboard.

"Captain Penrith, Dannie went over the falls on a



log!" exclaimed Lamb, as soon as they reached the shore.

"You don't tell!" exclaimed the captain, as much surprised as the girls could possibly wish. Then Lamb told him the story.

"Well, as I view it, you've had a pretty narrow escape," declared the captain, "and if you wasn't so set on being an astronomer I should advise you to be a sailorman; for it looks to me as if water was your natural element."

"I guess my shoes are spoiled, and I lost my hat," said Dannie.

"Your shoes ain't spoiled, not a bit of it," said the captain reassuringly. "I'll fix 'em all up in the morning. And what a boy with a crop of hair like yours needs of a hat is more than I can tell." So Dannie did not worry any more about the stiff wet shoes or the absent cap.

When the "Water Witch" got under way next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Perry and Elinor were all at the landing waving their handkerchiefs and calling out good wishes.

"It was almost the best part of the trip to find Elinor," said Lamb, as the big craft moved down the river and the passengers could no longer see their friends on shore.



"Where will we stop next, grandpa?" asked Constance.

"We are going in among the islands on this voyage," answered Grandpa Newman. "Captain Penrith knows of a nice sheltered harbor just outside the mouth of the river, between two islands, well protected in case of a heavy wind and sea. With a big clumsy boat like this we have to think about calm waters."

The boat moved on slowly and it was well past noon when they rounded a wooded point and found themselves in one of the prettiest harbors they had yet seen. The chug-chug of the launch stopped. The big anchors of the house-boat were dropped overboard, and Captain Penrith came on board to prepare luncheon. With his white canvas coat and big apron, he looked like another man than the captain of the launch.

Each of the two islands between which the boat was moored was nearly crescent in shape, so that the outlets of the harbor were narrow. The shores were thickly wooded with spruce and fir trees.

"It seems like a lake in the woods," said Adrienne Glidden admiringly; "the water is so calm I am sure we can go rowing and bathing here. Don't you think we can, Constance?"

"I am sure we can," replied Constance. "I will ask

mother at luncheon. Just think, we are really on salt water now. Outside that island is the sea."

"Where was Clare Seymour going this vacation?" asked Rose; "wasn't she going to the shore?"

Constance did not seem to hear her friend's question, and none of the other girls corresponded with Clare. Rose looked at Constance wonderingly, and then Constance smiled and nodded. Rose thought it rather queer in her friend that she had nothing to say about Clare, but did not question her further.

"These islands look wild enough," said Grandpa Newman as he came up on the promenade deck. "I should say it was an excellent place for a tribe to camp. What would you girls say to camping out on shore for a day or two?"

"It would be fun!" said Lamb.

The other girls all declared that they would like nothing better, and they all went on shore to select a good spot to put up two canvas tents which Grandpa Newman had stored on board the "Water Witch."

There was a sandy cove on the shore of the upper island, and a little clearing near at hand which Miss Abitha declared to be the very place for a camp. As they explored the vicinity they found a fine boiling spring close to the shore.

The tents were soon put up, the large one for the girls and Mrs. Newman and Miss Abitha, the small one for Grandpa Newman and Dannie. Captain Penrith was to stay on his launch, as usual.

Boughs of the fragrant fir balsam were cut for beds and covered with quilts from the house-boat. At twilight a little fire was built on the shore in front of the tents, and as the girls lay down on their beds of boughs they could look through the open door of their tent and see its cheerful flicker.

“This is just the place for Wawenocks to camp,” said Myrtle. “What do you suppose we will do to-morrow?”

“It will be something lovely, it is every day,” replied Rose.

Dannie lay long awake that night. He had never slept in a tent before. He had made his own bed very carefully so that he could look out at the sky. As he looked he could plainly see the seven bright stars which make the figure of the Great Dipper. Beginning at the star in the upper outer edge of the rim of the dipper Dannie named them all softly to himself, as Miss Abitha had taught him: “Dubbe, Merak, Phaed, Megrez, Alioth, Mizar, Benetnasch,” and then he looked for Alcor, the star which keeps so close to Mizar, in the

middle of the handle, and he remembered that the Arabs called this pair of stars "The horse and rider." Then Dannie's eyes closed, and every one in the tents was fast asleep.

## CHAPTER XII

### AT THE ISLANDS

THE next morning Grandpa Newman and Mr. Penrith made a substantial table, and fixed it firmly on the ground a short distance from the tents, as it had been decided to stay on shore for several days, and to eat out-of-doors under the big spruce trees was an added charm to camping out.

As soon as breakfast was over Miss Abitha and the girls started on an exploring trip. A rough wood road opened near the tents, as if some one had hauled timber from the centre of the island to the shore. They followed this track, finding many small wood flowers and vines. The partridge vine, with its tiny blossoms of white ; Solomon's Seal, looking so much like the lilies of the valley ; and now and then bunches of the yellow blossom of the arrowroot. There were patches of feathery green moss about the rocks, and every little while they would hear the bubbling song of the wood-thrush, which seemed to fill the woods with music.

“To think of a tiny brown bird about the size of a sparrow making such a noise in the world,” said Miss Abitha.

"It seems to me a good deal of a ventriloquist," declared Rose, "for it generally perches on some low shrub near the ground, while the music seems to come down from the tree-tops."

"I believe this road goes straight across the island," said Constance, "for I can see a glimmer of water through the trees."

"Yes, it does!" exclaimed Myrtle running ahead, "but it is not a sandy beach here, it is all rough."

As they came out from the woods they found themselves on a high, rocky ledge which commanded a very good view of the coast. Far down to the right they could see a steamer moving swiftly along, and nearer the islands there could be seen the roofs of several summer cottages on the mainland. Constance looked at these houses with great interest. "I wish that we had borrowed Dannie's telescope," she said, "then we could see those houses so much plainer. I am sure that must be Silver Bay."

"I never heard of Silver Bay," said Lamb, wondering why Constance should be so much interested in a place where none of their friends lived.

Rose Mason smiled, and when she was alone with Constance whispered a few words in her ear.

"I don't mind your knowing, Rose," responded Con-

stance, "but don't tell the others. Wait and see what happens."

The girls sat about on the warm ledge looking across the water, and arranging the flowers they had gathered on the way. Constance had noticed a big sailboat coming toward the island from the mainland, and as it came swiftly along with a fair wind it was not long before the other girls saw it.

"I do believe that boat is headed straight for this ledge," said Miss Abitha. "I hope it is a friendly tribe."

"Look, it is coming to anchor," exclaimed Eunice, "and some people are rowing ashore in a small boat."

While this conversation was going on, Constance had slipped away from the others and ran down to a mass of rocks just below the ledge and where the strange boat evidently intended to land. She reached it just as the boat did. A girl sprang on shore, greeted Constance enthusiastically, and the two girls hurried off into the woods. Then the boat pulled back to the sailboat, and in a few moments away went the sloop toward the mainland.

"Did they put any one ashore down there?" asked Miss Abitha, a little anxiously. "I was sure there were three in the boat when it disappeared round the

other side of this ledge, and when it went back to the sloop there were only two."

They all ran down to the other side of the ledge, but could see no trace of any stranger.

"Where is Constance?" asked Lamb, and then a shout for "Constance! Constance!" was sent up by a chorus of voices.

"What a noise," exclaimed a reproving voice, and Constance appeared close beside the group. "As chief of this tribe I command silence," and she stood in front of them raising one hand in a commanding gesture.

"You shall be obeyed, oh, chief," declared Miss Abitha. "Your braves have been searching for a stranger whom we fear has landed on our shores."

"Fear not!" announced the chief. "No enemy has set foot here. But be prepared for the tidings of a feast which will soon be held at our camping ground."

"I suppose that's dinner," said Myrtle, "and I am as hungry as I can be."

Miss Abitha's eyes were fixed anxiously on a little group of shrubs near the entrance to the wood path.

"I was almost certain that I saw some one behind those trees," she said to Rose in a whisper, but Rose laughed so merrily at the idea that Miss Abitha declared herself to be getting the real Indian way of

looking for things, and they all started down the road toward their camps.

They did not linger as much on the homeward way, and the distance was nearly half finished when Antoinette Glidden, who was a little ahead of the others, came to a full stop and turned round with a frightened exclamation.

“Girls!” she said, “there is some one in these woods! And it’s a girl. Look, quick! You can see her running now.”

“We must capture this stranger,” declared Constance boldly. “Your chief will lead you,” and with a gay little laugh she ran lightly ahead of the others and sped swiftly along after the figure which now could be clearly seen.

“Come on, girls, follow your chief,” said Rose Mason, and in a moment there was a line of swiftly moving figures flying along the old wood road. They were almost in sight of the tents when Constance caught up with the figure and grasped it tightly. Rose was beside the couple in a moment, then Miss Abitha formed one of the group, and as the others came hurrying up there were exclamations of “Clare!” “Why, Clare Seymour,” and of “Constance knew all about it.”

“You all knew that Clare was going to the shore for

her vacation," explained Constance, "and Rose knew that the name of the place was Silver Bay. Well, when we were at the shell-heaps I wrote Clare and told her all about the 'Water Witch,' and that we were to stop at some islands near the mouth of the river. Then she wrote back that we would come very near Silver Bay, and that she would watch for the house-boat and come over and see us. And her brother and uncle brought her over in that sloop, and I hid her, and that's all."

"It's lovely," declared the Glidden twins, and the girls all surrounded their visitor, and when they came out at the little camping ground Mrs. Newman and Grandpa Newman gave Clare a cordial welcome.

"I told her brother that she would stay until tomorrow," said Constance, "and that we would take her home in the launch."

"You can sleep in the tent, Clare," said Lamb. "Constance made her fir balsam bed wide enough for two. I suppose she was expecting you."

"Yes," said Constance; "I wanted to surprise you all, but I was afraid Clare would land where you would all see her, and then it wouldn't seem so wonderful."

Captain Penrith had made a fine chowder for dinner. "Caught as fine a cod as you would wish to see, right

in this little harbor," he announced, as they gathered round the new table.

That afternoon Grandpa Newman, Dannie and Captain Penrith decided to take the launch and cruise about outside the islands for an hour or two.

"We can catch a good mess of fish," said the captain, "and get the lay of the land around these parts."

"It will be just the afternoon to go in swimming," said Constance, as they watched the launch disappear through the entrance to Crescent Harbor.

Mrs. Newman gave her consent, the bathing suits were pulled out from the canvas bag in which Mrs. Newman had brought them ashore, and one after another the girls ran down from the tent and waded out into the clear water. They could all swim, and it was an ideal place for the sport. After their bath Clare and Constance and Rose wandered along the shore talking over their summer experiences and planning for the winter. The four younger girls busied themselves in getting vines to decorate the stout wooden table. They twisted evergreens about its legs, hung festoons of leaves about the sides, and when they had finished it was as pretty as a table in the woods could be. Mrs. Newman and Miss Abitha came to look at and admire it.

"Isn't it time for Grandpa Newman to come home?"

asked Lamb, as Clare, Constance, and Rose came up to join in praising the table.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newman, looking at her watch, "it is after five; just about time for the launch, if Captain Penrith intends us to have our supper on time."

"We could get supper if he didn't come back," said Constance.

"I'm afraid not, my dear," replied her mother; "our stores are all on board the 'Water Witch,' and the key to the storeroom is in Captain Penrith's pocket. Besides that, he promised to bring back a fish for our supper."

At six o'clock Miss Abitha and Mrs. Newman began to feel anxious about the launch and its passengers. The girls followed the shore nearly to the entrance of the little harbor, but could see no sign of the missing boat.

"We will have to eat crackers for supper," said Miss Abitha; "there is a tin box full in the rowboat."

"It's too late to look for blueberries," said Myrtle.

They all nibbled at the dry crackers and drank from the spring, but as the shadows began to lengthen, and the sun to disappear from sight, they were all too anxious to be hungry.

"I suppose something has happened to the engine,"

said Mrs. Newman ; "if that has given out they might be very near shore, and yet have to wait until Captain Penrith could repair it."

"Won't they be here to-night, mother ?" asked Lamb.

"They may be here at any moment," replied her mother hopefully. "Perhaps it will be a good idea to build a little fire here on the shore. The air seems more chilly than last night."

The girls gathered a pile of driftwood and Miss Abitha started a brisk little blaze.

As it grew later Mrs. Newman persuaded the girls to go to bed. "You need not be a bit frightened about the launch," she assured them cheerfully. "When you wake up in the morning you will find your grandpa, Dannie, and Captain Penrith all here, safe and sound."

The girls went to their tent, but none of them found it easy to go to sleep. They were all listening, hoping to hear the whistle of the launch and to know that its passengers had reached the camp safely.

## CHAPTER XIII

### CAPTAIN PENRITH'S FAULT

"WELL, Dannie, don't you think you'd rather be a fisherman than an astronomer?" asked Grandpa Newman, as the delighted boy pulled in a good-sized had-dock.

"I'd like to be both," answered Dannie quickly.

The launch was some distance from the islands before the fish began to bite, and when Mr. Newman spoke Dannie had just caught his first fish. Captain Penrith ran the launch more slowly, and Grandpa Newman and Dannie had good sport, catching a number of good-sized fish.

"It's after five!" said Grandpa Newman in a surprised tone, as Captain Penrith asked him what time it was. "I declare, time does go fast when the fish bite. We must start for the camp, captain."

"Aye, aye, sir," came Captain Penrith's reply, his voice somewhat indistinct because of his being stretched out near the engine, evidently trying to adjust some part of the machinery.

Dannie reluctantly drew in his fishing-line, and

Grandpa Newman began to watch Captain Penrith a little anxiously. "Anything wrong, captain?" he asked.

Captain Penrith scrambled into a sitting position, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Newman said, almost in a whisper, "I hardly dar'st to tell you, sir!"

"Why, Penrith, what is it?"

"I'm ashamed to say, sir!" responded the captain, in so tragic a tone that Grandpa Newman began to feel alarmed. "I started off without filling the tank," continued Captain Penrith, "and there isn't enough gasoline on board to run this launch a mile!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Grandpa Newman in consternation. "And those poor children alone on that island. My daughter will be frightened, and there is no way we can get to camp."

"That isn't the worst of it," said Captain Penrith mournfully. "There ain't a thing on that island for all those girls to eat except a tin case of crackers. And I have the key to the provision closet in my trousers pocket!"

"We must get back!" declared Grandpa Newman. "Can't we row?"

"Haven't any oars," groaned Captain Penrith, "and we couldn't make no headway against the waves if we had. All I see for us to do is to yell and holler, and

wave our coats, and maybe some boat'll catch sight of us and tow us in."

"We are drifting out to sea every minute," said grandpa.

"Yes, sir ; we are," agreed Captain Penrith, mournfully, "and it's all my fault. I shan't say a word, Mr. Newman, if you discharge me right on the spot."

"Nonsense," replied Grandpa Newman ; "if I really must be shipwrecked, I'm glad to be in such good company as yours, Penrith."

"Thank you, sir," responded the captain humbly. "I guess we'd better begin to holler and wave before it gets dark."

But no boat came near enough to see or hear their signals. It began to grow chilly after the sun went down, but Captain Penrith had extra coats and blankets on board, and by wrapping these about them they were more comfortable. Dannie curled up on the captain's bed in the tiny cabin, and soon forgot that he was hungry and went fast asleep. Outside Grandpa Newman and Captain Penrith shared the watches of the night.

"There ain't no great danger unless some craft under full sail runs us down," said the captain.

Morning comes early on the water, and when its

first glow became visible Captain Penrith shouted "Glory!" with so much enthusiasm that Grandpa Newman awoke suddenly, and looked at him in surprise. Then he, too, jumped to his feet and began to call out, "Schooner ahoy! Help!"

A small topmast schooner was coming along with a fair wind, and was even now near enough to hear the calls from the launch.

It did not take long for the captain of the schooner to bring his vessel alongside the launch. Captain Penrith explained what had befallen them, and that they had had nothing to eat since the previous noon.

"You come right aboard," said the captain of the schooner; "it won't take no time to fry some eggs and make a pot of coffee. We're bound for Silver Bay, and we can tow your launch just as well as not. You wouldn't be adrift out here if you'd been in a good sailboat," he added a little accusingly as Captain Penrith lifted Dannie to the schooner's deck.

At Silver Bay Captain Penrith was able to purchase enough gasoline to fill the tank on the launch, and it was not eight o'clock when the anxious group on the shore of the island heard the cheerful sound of the whistle of the launch, and soon after saw the little craft coming swiftly across the harbor.

They all hurried to the landing, and in a few moments Grandpa Newman was telling the story of their mishap, and of their fortunate rescue. Captain Penrith lost no time in preparing a substantial breakfast. There was an excellent boiled codfish, with roasted potatoes, hot corn bread and coffee, and as they gathered around the vine-decked table they were all more happy and thankful than on any morning of their cruise.

"Were you afraid to be here alone?" asked Grandpa Newman, as he gave Lamb a second helping of fish.

"I don't think that any of us thought about that," replied Constance. "All we could think about was that you were way off in the launch and that we didn't know anything about you!"

That afternoon Clare's brother's big sloop found its way into the island harbor. Mrs. Seymour was on board, and was eager to see all the house-boat party, of whom her daughter had had so much to say. She persuaded Mrs. Newman to give her consent for Constance and Rose to go back to Silver Bay and stay all night with Clare. "And in the morning," she urged, "I want you all to come over in your launch and spend the day with us. Your house-boat and camp will be perfectly safe here."

Captain Penrith promised to bring them all over in

the morning, but declared that he and Dannie would have to come back and look after the camp during the day ; "but the launch will be on hand to fetch you all home before dark," he concluded.

So it was decided in that way, and Constance and Rose sailed away in the sloop with Clare, the others promising to appear at Silver Bay the next morning.

"This will be a good day to begin my house-boat, won't it, Captain Penrith ?" questioned Dannie.

"I should say that it was just the day," responded Captain Penrith. "Now in building a house you see first that your underpinning is solid ; in building a boat you look to it that your keel is laid straight, and in building a house-boat you look out for both. Your underpinning wants to be a neat little raft, with a good flooring. If I was you I should hunt me up six or eight small, round pine boughs, cut off all the twigs, and rivet them together for a foundation."

Lamb and Adrienne had stood near during this conversation, and were very much interested when Dannie told them of his plan to make a small house-boat to carry home as a present to his small brothers.

"Couldn't we make one, Captain Penrith ?" asked Lamb eagerly ; "then we would always have something to remind us of this fine trip."

"Why, I suppose you could," replied the captain a little doubtfully.

"I can lend them my jack-knife part of the time," volunteered Dannie.

"Well, I s'pose they can have my knife now and then," agreed the captain; "we might see how good ship-carpenters you can learn to be."

It was decided that Dannie should get pine enough for two rafts, and that they should begin at once. They selected a place a short distance from the camp for a "shipyard," as Captain Penrith said he did not want a litter of shavings and chips about the tents.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Myrtle, as she came along the shore and saw Lamb whittling out neat wooden pegs to be used as rivets.

Lamb and Adrienne explained that they were beginning a house-boat, and Miss Abitha and Antoinette came up in season to hear the story.

"That's a fine idea," declared Miss Abitha, "and, if Myrtle and Antoinette will help me, I will agree to furnish both the boats when they are ready for beds and chairs."

"It would be nice if we could make some little dolls, for people on board the boats," whispered Antoinette to Myrtle.

“We will!” declared Myrtle. “I know Constance and Rose will help us, and we will make tiny dolls and name them after the different ones in the house-boat party.”

The afternoon went quickly, and it was a sleepy group of people who went to their tents that night at an early hour.

“My,” thought Dannie, looking up at the friendly stars, “I don’t want to be a fisherman if they have to stay on the water all night. I’d rather be here on land.”

“Lamb,” whispered Myrtle, “are you awake?”

“Ye-es,” answered Lamb so sleepily that Myrtle laughed aloud.

“I wanted to ask you if you had found out how to be like Rose?”

“Of course I have,” answered Eunice more vigorously. “You just watch her and you will see that she is always thoughtful about other people. She doesn’t wake them up when they are asleep.”

“Well!” said Myrtle, “I know one thing, she wouldn’t be cross if a friend spoke to her.”

“I know she wouldn’t,” responded Lamb in so penitent a tone that Myrtle laughed again, and the two little friends went to sleep.

## CHAPTER XIV

### ISLAND VISITORS

CAPTAIN PENRITH had his launch ready in good season and they embarked for Silver Bay leaving Dannie alone on the island.

“I shan’t be gone more’n an hour or so,” Captain Penrith called back cheerfully.

Dannie had no thought of being afraid, but, as the launch disappeared from sight and he looked at the big house-boat anchored beyond his reach, and then at the comfortable camp and realized that he was responsible for their safety, he could not but remember the last time when he had been left in charge and when tramps had carried him off as well as the house-boat.

“I’d like to see any one do that again,” Dannie said aloud, as he walked toward the “shipyard” and sat down to work on his house-boat. As he smoothed out the bits of wood he whistled softly to himself, and every few moments looked out across the smooth harbor, and at the white tents.

He was well in the shadow of a thick growth of spruce and any one approaching the camp by boat or

from the shores of the island might not at first notice the little figure.

As Dannie whittled his cheerful whistle died away for he became too much interested in his work. Nevertheless he was on the alert for any unusual noise and when there came a breaking of twigs in the woods behind him he heard it instantly.

“I wonder if that is a fox ?” he thought, for Captain Penrith had told him that he had seen a number of foxes on the island. But in a moment Dannie knew that the noise was not made by any wild animal for he heard voices.

“This would be a great place for a camp,” he heard some one say, and then a second voice exclaimed: “Why, look ! Here is a camp. A whole outfit all ready for us, and deserted. And what kind of a craft is that anchored off there ?” and not twenty feet from where Dannie sat two young men came out from the woods and stood looking at the camp.

Dannie sprang to his feet in an instant and hurried toward them. He did not stop to remember that he was only a small boy, and that either of the young men so near him could pick him up easily and carry him away if they saw fit ; he remembered only that he had been left to take care of the camp, and that it was his

business to see what these intruders wanted. So he ran out toward them.

"Hello!" exclaimed the taller youth. "Who's this?"

"I'm Dannie Woodyear," answered the boy, "and this is our camp. I'm taking care of it."

"Then I suppose we can't walk into these tents and have them for ours?" said the other young man, and as Dannie looked at him he thought how red his hair was and how white his teeth, and decided at once, as the young man smiled pleasantly at him, that there was no reason to be afraid of these visitors.

"No," Dannie answered, "of course you couldn't, but perhaps Mr. Newman might like to have you for company."

"Where is Mr. Newman?" questioned the tall youth.

"They are all at Silver Bay," replied Dannie, "but if you will wait Captain Penrith will be home soon, and perhaps he will take you out to see the house-boat."

"So that craft is a house-boat, is it?" said the red-haired visitor. "Well, then, we'll accept your kind invitation and wait, for I have never been on board one of those craft. What were you making, Dannie Woodyear, when we came out of the woods?"

“I was making a house-boat,” answered Dannie, and he explained to the young men his plan to make a small boat exactly like the big one. Both of the visitors seemed interested, and sat down near Dannie in the shade and soon took out their pocket-knives and began to help him smooth and polish wood for his boat.

They told him that their names were Dick and John Moor, and that they were staying near Silver Bay, and had sailed over to the island that morning just to explore it.

“We didn’t suppose there was any one here,” explained Dick, the boy with the red hair. “Did you think that we were bears when you heard us crashing through the woods?”

“No,” replied Dannie soberly, “I thought you might be a fox. Look, there comes the launch now,” and they all three hurried down to the landing.

Captain Penrith was surprised to see that Dannie had visitors, but the young men told him their names and explained their visit so frankly that he did not hesitate to make them welcome, and took them out to the house-boat, greatly to their delight.

When they said that they must go back to their own boat Dick Moor handed his pocket-knife to Dannie and said: “I want you to keep this knife to remember

us by. You were a plucky little chap not to be afraid of us."

Dannie was as much pleased with the praise as he was with the knife, and saw the big boys vanish up the wood road with the hope that he would see them again some day.

"Nice boys," said Captain Penrith approvingly. "I guess boys that are so good to small boys are apt to be about right."

At Silver Bay the girls of the house-boat party found a cordial welcome. A big buckboard with two horses was ready to take them all on a ride, and after the ride luncheon was served on the broad piazza overlooking the sea. Adrienne and Antoinette Glidden sang, and Myrtle and Lamb exchanged a look of understanding when Mrs. Seymour said that she had heard of the Glee Club at Miss Wilson's school. For Myrtle and Lamb had persuaded the Glidden twins to start the Glee Club. It was not one of their pleasant memories, as it had been done with a selfish object in view, and they did not like to remember it.

Clare, Rose, Constance and Miss Abitha had a game of tennis in the afternoon, and the day went so swiftly and pleasantly that when Captain Penrith appeared and said that the launch was waiting to take them back to

the island they all declared that the day had been too short. Grandpa Newman told them that the "Water Witch" would leave the island harbor the next day, so they said good-bye to Clare.

"I wonder what pleasant thing can happen next?" said Eunice, as the launch went swiftly toward the island; "Every day something nice happens."

"Well," said Grandpa Newman, "what would you like to have happen next?"

"I would like to have Mary Woodyear come and have some of our good times with us," replied Lamb.

"Why," said Grandpa Newman, laughingly, "do you think Mary could fly down the river at a moment's notice and appear here?"

"No, only such nice things do happen," said Eunice.

Captain Penrith told them about Dannie's visitors, and, although he praised the young men, Grandpa Newman looked a little sober as he heard of the visit.

"It is better not to leave the house-boat alone," he said; "we might have visitors who were not as desirable as these young men."

It was to be their last night at the island camp, and the girls looked at the comfortable tents and vine-trimmed table a little regretfully.

"This has been a real camp of the Wawenocks," de-

clared Constance ; " we ought to have taken Clare into the tribe while we were here."

" There was so much to do we didn't have time," said Lamb. They sat up somewhat later than usual that night talking over the day's pleasures and wondering what it would be like at their next stopping-place, which Mrs. Newman had told them would be a small town on the coast. A town where there was a summer hotel, stores, and steamboats coming and going ; not at all like the quiet places where they had landed.

Dannie went to sleep early. He was very proud of his new knife, and of the new friends he had made. He thought to himself that when he grew up he would like to be just like Dick Moor.

Before ten o'clock every one at the camp was fast asleep. No one heard the sound of stealthy steps coming along the wood road and moving toward the landing. Captain Penrith always declared himself a light sleeper, but not even he, resting quietly in his bunk on the launch, was aroused by the careful approach of two shadowy figures.

But when he came ashore in the morning to start the fire to prepare breakfast he looked about him in surprise.

" I never saw the beat of this," he declared ; and

when Miss Abitha appeared she too exclaimed, and then called out: "Girls, girls, hurry out and see what has happened. We have had a visit from fairies."

A moment later and the girls came running out, and their surprise was as great as Miss Abitha's. On the centre of the wooden table was a big tin pan filled with a mass of blossoming water-lilies. On each side and around the ends of the table lay bunches of the same beautiful flowers waiting only to be put in water to blossom as fully and fragrantly as the others. A smooth white chip lay beside the pan and on it was printed:

"To the House-Boat Party  
From Dick and John Moor."

"Well, well," said Grandpa Newman approvingly, "those must be nice boys. I wish we could see them and thank them."

"I knew they were nice in a minute," said Dannie.

Mrs. Newman said that the water-lilies must be taken on board the "Water Witch," and Miss Abitha said she thought the chip ought to go too. So Mrs. Newman fastened the chip, with the names of Dick and John Moor carefully printed on it, on the wall of the living-room of the "Water Witch," and during the rest of their trip it often reminded them of their island visitors.

The morning was a busy one, and not until after luncheon did the house-boat move slowly out of the little harbor.

"Good-bye, happy island," Rose called back as the girls stood on the promenade deck and waved their hands toward the wooded shores.

## CHAPTER XV

### IN DANGER

“CONSIDERABLE of a breeze this morning,” Captain Penrith had announced, as he started the launch, and Miss Abitha and Mrs. Newman quite agreed with him as the big craft came into the open harbor and began to feel the swell of the big waves from the sea.

They were now well out from the mouth of the river, and their course would take them along the sea-coast. The clean salt air, the rush of the waves, and the continual meeting with sailboats, fishing schooners, and now and then a small steamboat, gave the girls a new interest. The air was much cooler than it had been on the river, and they were all glad to put on their warm sweaters.

“Shall we get in to Boothbay to-night, grandpa?” asked Constance, as she looked out across the wide stretch of water.

“Yes, indeed,” said Grandpa Newman; “we ought to come to anchor before sunset. But no one can go on shore except Captain Penrith, Dannie, and your

mother. They will have to go to get things for us to eat, and ——” But Grandpa Newman did not finish his sentence. He seemed very happy about something, and whenever Lamb or Constance came near him he would chuckle to himself as if he were thinking of something very pleasant.

“I suppose you are glad that we are so near Boothbay because we shall get letters there from Grandmother Newman and from father,” said Constance.

“Yes, yes, indeed!” answered Grandpa Newman; “it will be fine to hear all about Pine Tree Farm, won’t it? And to know just how your grandmother is. Yes, indeed. Perhaps you may hear some good news from there, eh?”

“Why, of course we shall hear good news,” replied Constance, and wondered a little at Grandpa Newman’s delight at the thought of hearing from Pine Tree Farm when he had heard from there only the day before at Silver Bay.

It was just sunset when they came in sight of the harbor, and, as the big anchors slid into the water, Captain Penrith brought the launch alongside and Constance heard him say as he helped Mrs. Newman on board, “We’ll be in good season, ma’am.”

“I suppose he means in season to buy things before

the stores close," she said to Rose who stood close beside her.

"We will get supper while your mother is away," suggested Miss Abitha. "I shall forget how to make cream toast if I don't look out."

"We will all help," volunteered Rose, and the table was again brought out to the "porch" and the girls were all ready to help.

"Oh, Miss Abitha!" exclaimed Lamb, "you have put an extra plate on the table."

"We will let it stay for luck, my dear," said Miss Abitha. "I have heard an old saying 'Spread a place for Good Fortune and she will sup with you,' so this extra plate may bring a welcome guest."

"Grandpa stays on the promenade deck watching the shore all the time," said Constance; "I suppose he wants to hear from home, and is anxious for the launch to get back."

"We have been away three weeks!" said Myrtle. "We can't make so many stops on our way home."

Everything was in readiness for supper when Grandpa Newman came down the steep stairs from the "roof" and announced that the launch was coming.

"I think Dannie will have good news from home as well as the rest of us," said Grandpa Newman.

The girls all watched the launch as it came nearer and nearer the "Water Witch," until Lamb suddenly exclaimed :

"Look! There is a girl sitting close beside Dannie. I do believe it is our dear Mary Woodyear. It is! I know it is," and that instant Grandpa Newman found himself warmly clasped by two pairs of arms, and Constance and Lamb exclaimed almost in chorus :

"You knew all about this. You had it all planned for Mary to come by train and meet us here."

"And Miss Abitha knew, for I believe she put the extra plate on the table on purpose," said Myrtle.

Grandpa Newman confessed that it had all been arranged before they left Pine Tree Farm that Mary Woodyear should meet them at Boothbay; and he had received a letter at Silver Bay, and so knew just the time to meet her.

The launch was now close beside the house-boat, and in a few moments Mary found herself the centre of a happy group all telling her how glad they were to see her, and asking for news of Grandma Newman, of Constance and Lamb's father, of Mr. Eben Bean, Jimmie Woodyear, and all the dear people whom they had left behind.

Mary had never taken a journey by train before, and

she whispered to Lamb that she knew that she was the happiest girl in the world and had the best friends. Dannie kept very close to Mary all that evening. He had had a fine time on the trip but he had often wished that Mary or Jimmie could share it with him. He told his sister about the small house-boat he was making for the younger children, and Mary heard of all the adventures of the party since they had left home.

A meeting of the Wawenocks was called that evening, and it was decided that Mary must be taken into the tribe as soon as the "Water Witch" should make a landing in a place where no one would be disturbed by their ceremonies.

"We can wait until we get back to the shell-heaps," suggested Rose; "perhaps we can see Elinor Perry again."

So it was decided that Mary should become a member of the tribe at the very place where Constance was made chief.

The next morning Grandpa Newman said that he would take all the girls for a trip on shore. "Perhaps we can find cameras here," he said, as they walked up a street where there were stores whose windows were filled with various kinds of articles.

"Won't we go to Bath, grandpa?" asked Constance.

Grandpa Newman shook his head. "No, my dear," he answered; "the 'Water Witch' isn't as well suited to the open sea as she is to rivers and sheltered harbors; and Captain Penrith tells me that it will be wiser for us to cruise about near shore in this vicinity."

The girls all accepted this decision without question.

"We have such a good time every day that it doesn't matter much where we go," said Rose, and grandpa nodded approvingly at his "adopted granddaughter," as he often called Rose.

They succeeded in purchasing two excellent cameras to take the place of those lost in the river, and Miss Abitha and Lamb took a number of snap-shots of the wharves, and the boats in the harbor to test their new possessions.

They had luncheon at a hotel, a new experience for all the girls, and as they came down the wharf to the launch they all declared that eating in a hotel dining-room was not half the fun that having lunch on the "back porch" was, or under the big spruces on the island.

That afternoon the "Water Witch" was towed several miles further down the coast away from the busy harbor, and was anchored a short distance from an

island whose quiet shores looked more attractive to the house-boat party than the streets of a noisy little town.

That evening Mary and Dannie wrote a long letter home to Jimmie, and then Dannie went on the promenade deck, and as star after star shone out in the summer sky he named them to the little group, who listened admiringly ; each one resolving as they looked at the boy's earnest face that the "Dannie Fund" should increase, and Dannie have an opportunity to learn all he could about the wonders of the sky.

The next day found them all on the "new" island, as they called it. Rose and Constance found a new variety of sea-moss ; Miss Abitha and Myrtle went in search of the sea anemone, while the Glidden twins, Lamb, and Mary Woodyear went after blueberries.

"You are not to pick any berries to put in the basket, Mary," Eunice insisted. "You are to eat all you pick, because you are to have a truly vacation, and just have a good time."

"But I shouldn't have a good time if I didn't pick my share to take back to the others," said Mary so seriously that Lamb could only say, "All right."

"It isn't a very wide island," said Adrienne, as they wandered through a thicket of bushes and came out on

a rocky shore, "for here is the real sea; hear the waves!"

The four little girls stood and looked out across the stretch of waters. It was a wonderful sight to each of them. As far as the eye could see there was only the stretch of blue sea. At their feet the waves dashed in against the rocks as if eager to sweep up over the island.

"I'd like to go in wading," exclaimed Eunice; "let's put our baskets behind these rocks and take off our shoes and stockings and wade out and meet a wave. It will be fun to feel it dash against our feet."

"It looks too rocky," objected Adrienne Glidden.

"I'm sure we can find a smooth place," urged Eunice; so the girls put their baskets behind a big rock and clambered over the ledges and rough shore until they found a tiny cove where the rocks were like tiny pebbles, instead of huge boulders and ledges.

"This is a lovely place, girls," said Eunice enthusiastically, and the others agreed that it was the best place they had found. Their shoes and stockings were left on the slope of a ledge, and they all made their way carefully down over the pebbles to the water's edge.

There was a chorus of exclamations as the first wave swept in about their feet.

"I almost went over that time," said Adrienne, who

had waded out beyond the others, as the second wave struck her.

“Hold up your dress, Adrienne, it’s getting wet as a sop,” said Antoinette.

The girls had gone out very carefully, but all at once there was a shriek from Lamb, and her companions saw her suddenly swept out from their reach.

“Come back, Lamb! Swim!” commanded Mary.

A sudden panic seemed to have seized the Glidden twins. Instead of retreating to a surer footing on the shore they, too, were going out with the big wave which seemed to be carrying Eunice beyond help.

“Swim! Swim!” screamed Mary, who had run back to the shore, and she could see that all three of the girls were trying their best to keep afloat, but she knew that each wave would take them a little further from the shore, and she knew of no way to help them. It would take too long to cross the island and bring help from the “Water Witch.” All about her the shore stretched rough and desolate, and there were her friends at the mercy of the sea, and she was powerless to help them.

“What can I do? What can I do?” she said over and over again as she watched them struggling bravely to reach the shore.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE RESCUE

“WHAT do you say to a cruise around the island in the launch, daughter?” asked Grandpa Newman just after the girls had all started off on their different quests. “Captain Penrith and Dannie will enjoy it, and there is no one near enough to disturb the house-boat.”

Mrs. Newman thought it an excellent plan. Captain Penrith was soon ready, and they started on a trip which Mrs. Newman never forgot.

As the launch rounded the narrow end of the island Dannie’s sharp eyes were instantly attracted by the sight of a girl’s figure running up and down the shore.

“That’s Mary!” he exclaimed. “And, look! the other girls are in the water!”

Captain Penrith turned the launch instantly toward the little cove. Not a word was spoken as Grandpa Newman and Lamb’s mother watched with anxious eyes the brave little figures striving against the waves.

“Steady!” called Captain Penrith, running the launch so close to Adrienne Glidden that Grandpa Newman had no trouble in grasping her by the shoul-

ders and lifting her on board. A moment later and Lamb and Antoinette were also safely drawn in.

“Can you go back across the island alone, Mary?” called Grandpa Newman. “We must get these girls to the ‘Water Witch’ as soon as possible.”

“Yes, indeed!” Mary assured him happily, and started back along the shore, carrying the shoes and stockings of the rescued girls.

“I guess I can manage to take the berry baskets, too,” she thought, as she made her way over the slippery rocks. She was quite sure that she could remember exactly where they had put the baskets, but after a careful search at the point of rocks where she believed the baskets to be she decided that she had made a mistake and that she must go farther on along the shore. But after looking behind big rocks and scrambling over ledges Mary was obliged to own to herself that she could not remember the exact place where the baskets had been left.

“Captain Penrith won’t have any blueberries for his pudding,” she thought regretfully, as she decided that it would be better to give up the search and find her way back to the landing.

There were a great many small spruce and fir-trees on the island, and as Mary walked along she thought

that these little trees were all exactly alike. She was not at all afraid of being lost, for the island was small, and she knew that the house-boat party would not let a very long time pass without coming to search for her.

The launch made good time back to the "Water Witch." Lamb, Adrienne and Antoinette were given a vigorous rubbing with rough towels and hurried into dry clothing. Then Mrs. Newman thought it best for them to lie down in the hammocks on the promenade deck while they told her of how their wading experiment had brought them into danger.

"The shore seemed to drop off all at once," said Adrienne. "It was not deep at all until I stepped down, down, as if there was a cellar-hole."

Grandpa Newman nodded understandingly. "I am more to blame than any one," he declared. "I should have told you all how dangerous and uncertain these shores are, and that it was not safe to wade."

Miss Abitha, Constance, and Rose soon joined the others and listened in amazement to their description of their adventure.

"If we had not known how to keep afloat and swim I guess the launch would not have been in time," said Lamb.

"You see that it's wise to go to school," replied Miss

Abitha, for at Miss Wilson's school, where all the girls of the house-boat party went, the pupils were taught to be prepared for emergencies ; to swim, not to be frightened by unexpected accidents, and many useful and helpful things besides their lessons.

Lamb laughed at Miss Abitha's reminding her that she had not wanted to go to school. She and Constance had run away from home and hid in an old schoolhouse, when they were two years younger, at the very idea of going away to school. But Miss Wilson's school had proven such a pleasant place, they had made so many friends, and been so happy there, that now they could hardly believe that they had not wanted to go.

"No berries for my steamed pudding," said Captain Penrith to Dannie, as the two spread the table for the midday meal.

"Mary will bring the baskets," said Dannie ; "don't you think it's about time for her, Captain Penrith ?" and Dannie looked at the island shore anxiously.

"Just about time," agreed the captain ; "you keep an eye on the shore, and when she comes in sight you can take the little boat and put right ashore after her so that she will be in time for these nice boiled lobsters."

"Yes, sir," replied Dannie. He wished that Mary had come home in the launch. "She's all alone on that island, and she isn't very big," thought the little boy.

While he stood looking across the water Miss Abitha came down the stairs. "What do you say, Dannie?" she said. "Shall you and I row ashore after Mary?"

Dannie gave a joyful little jump. "I was just wishing I could," he replied.

"We will be back in good time for the lobsters, Captain Penrith," said Miss Abitha, as she and Dannie pushed the small rowboat off from the "Water Witch."

"You see, Mary would have to bring the shoes and stockings and the berry baskets, and very likely got tired and sat down to rest," said Miss Abitha, noticing Dannie's anxious look, "and when we get on shore and call 'Mary! Mary!' she will jump up and hurry to meet us."

Dannie's face brightened. "I don't like to have her on that island all alone," he said.

They drew the little boat up on the shore and walked a short distance in among the scrubby spruce-trees, and then called: "Mary!"

"Hullo, I'm coming!" came the response, and it



"I KNEW I COULDN'T BE LOST"



was not long before Mary came in sight, her arms full of shoes and stockings.

"I couldn't find the berry baskets!" she explained, "and that's why I have been so long. And all these little trees look so much alike that I wasn't just sure if I was headed right, but as it is an island I knew I couldn't be lost."

"Not when Dannie and I were near the shore," said Miss Abitha. "I'll take some of those shoes," she added, and Mary willingly handed over the stout leather shoes belonging to the Glidden twins.

"Here is Mary!" called Rose as the rowboat came near, and all the girls gathered at the railing to welcome her. Mrs. Newman told her that she did just right not to search longer for the berry baskets.

The lobsters proved as good as Captain Penrith had promised, and Grandpa Newman declared that if the steamed pudding had had blueberries in it he believed it would have been too good to eat.

No one wanted to go on shore that afternoon, and Miss Abitha suggested that it would be a good time to work on the furnishings of the toy house-boats. Dannie brought his small raft and bits of polished wood up to the promenade deck, and generously offered to loan his new knife to any one.

"‘Peter’ used to know how to use a knife pretty well,” said Grandpa Newman with a nod toward Constance. For when Constance was a very small girl grandpa had liked to call her “Peter,” and she had learned to use several tools very skilfully.

“I can use it now,” she replied. “If Dannie will let me take his knife I’ll whittle out little wooden dolls for the rest of you to dress.”

“I want to work on my house-boat,” said Lamb; “I’ll borrow Captain Penrith’s knife.”

Mrs. Newman produced a scrap-bag full of pieces, and each one of the group decided on what part of the work she would do. Rose was to paint the faces of Constance’s tiny wooden dolls. Miss Abitha was to make a little flag for each boat, and the others were to dress the dolls. All but Lamb, Myrtle and Dannie, who were busy making the boats.

“This is just the time for us to go fishing, captain,” suggested Grandpa Newman, “and it will be about our last chance, for we shall have to head the ‘Water Witch’ for home to-morrow.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the captain. “I suppose you’ll want to make an early start to-morrow morning, and not make any landing all day.”

“That is the plan,” said Mr. Newman. “We can

lay to for luncheon, and then keep on and anchor for the night wherever night finds us. The girls all want to stay over for a day at the shell-heaps."

Captain Penrith nodded approvingly. "That meets my views," he said, "and to-day is just the day for fishing;" and in a few minutes the launch disappeared round the end of the island, the girls all waving the fishermen their good-byes.

"We will have a fine time at the shell-heaps," Myrtle confided to Mary, as the two girls worked busily on. "Elinor Perry is pretty sure to be there at her uncle's; and Miss Abitha and Rose are planning ceremonies to take you into the Wawenocks."

Mary laughed happily. "I am having a nice time every minute," she declared; "of course I was awfully frightened when I saw the girls couldn't get back to shore this morning, but I knew they could all swim. I wish my grandmother could see how happy Dannie is," she concluded smiling toward her small brother.

"You will have a lot to tell her when you get home," said Myrtle.

"Yes, indeed; and I will have so much to think about that is pleasant," said Mary. "I think Rose Mason has made the faces of these wooden dolls look just like people. See, doesn't this look like me?" and

Mary held up the tiny figure Rose had just handed her to dress.

The afternoon passed very quickly with the busy workers, and when the fishermen returned Grandpa Newman was shown the two little house-boats, and on the promenade deck of each were groups of small figures representing the house-boat party.

"This one is for father and Grandma Newman," said Lamb, "and Dannie's is for the little Woodyears. But they both ought to be painted."

"So they should," said Captain Penrith, "and I should admire to do it. I keep a can of white paint and a brush on board the launch; and if you'll look out for all those little doll people I'll take the contract for painting."

"The little doll people" were quickly taken care of, and before supper time the toy house-boats had received a coat of shining white paint.

Mrs. Newman had a little talk with the girls that night before they went to their berths. She had been deeply moved by the danger of her own dear Eunice and the Glidden twins, and she told the girls that on the return trip she should expect each one of them to be careful and avoid any nearness to danger.

"So many things have happened on our voyage, and

yet we have been cared for and kept safe, that I want you all to say a little prayer of gratitude before you sleep," she said. And the girls promised, each of them with a thankful heart that they were all safe and together.

Lamb lay awake longer than usual that night. She thought a great deal about her Grandma Newman and wished that she could see her. "Of course I can't be homesick," she decided to herself, "but I do wish we could go home and get father and grandma and then go sailing off again."

At Pine Tree Farm Grandma Newman was promising herself to do that very thing. "I shall have them take me up the river," she had said to her son, and Lamb's father had declared that it was just what they would all enjoy.

## CHAPTER XVII

### HOMEWARD BOUND

THE house-boat party were all more quiet than usual the next morning. They all realized that their delightful trip was nearly done, and as the "Water Witch" swung round and started back toward Boothbay the girls all stood on "the roof" and looked back at the tiny island with sober faces.

"We shall always remember this island," said Constance, putting her arm across Lamb's shoulder.

Lamb looked up smilingly. "I wasn't frightened," she said. "I knew if I only kept afloat that somebody would come after me."

"Too bad I wasn't on hand with my camera," interrupted Miss Abitha, "but I mean to get some good photographs of the Wawenocks, and of the ceremonies when a new member is received."

Captain Penrith had taken advantage of the tide, and the house-boat moved along more rapidly than on any day of the cruise. They passed through Boothbay harbor, saw Christmas Cove in the distance, and went steadily up the coast toward Silver Bay.

Dannie was on the launch with Captain Penrith, his fish-line trailing behind, as usual. Rose Mason was finishing a water-color sketch of the Glidden twins. Miss Abitha and Lamb were busy with their cameras, while Myrtle, Constance and Mrs. Newman were making lists of the various plants, sea-mosses, and shells, which they had gathered at their different stopping-places.

“We are all too busy to talk,” said Adrienne Glidden, looking up from her task of mounting sea-moss. “You are the only idle person, Antoinette,” she added, with a reproachful look at her sister, who was swinging in a hammock, and looking off across the smooth water.

“Idle!” repeated Antoinette, with so much energy that they all laughed. “I am not idle. I am thinking.”

There was another laugh at this, and Antoinette sat up in the hammock and looked about in surprise. “Well!” she exclaimed, “thinking accomplishes just as much as doing. I heard my father say once that everything begins in thought. That you have to think right before you can do right. And I had several things on my mind to think out, and I thought this was a real good time to do it.”

“Yes, Antoinette,” said her sister, “it is a good time, and I won’t call you idle again.”

“I was about through,” responded Antoinette. “I’d

just as soon do something else now," and she left the hammock and sat down beside her sister.

"What did you have to think out?" whispered Adrienne.

"I'll tell you as soon as I get a chance," Antoinette whispered back.

It was not until Captain Penrith had moored the boat near shore and begun preparations for luncheon that Adrienne's curiosity was satisfied. The sisters found themselves alone on the forward part of the promenade deck and Adrienne said slowly: "I have been thinking about how good Grandpa Newman has been to us all. Just think of this fine house-boat and all the good times he has given us, and not one of us has even said 'Thank you.'"

"But it isn't time to say that until we are all ready to go home," replied her sister; "then of course we shall tell him what a good time we have had and thank him."

Adrienne shook her head disapprovingly.

"I didn't think it out that way at all," she declared; "we ought to do something special to let him know that each of us appreciates him."

"What ought we to do?" questioned Antoinette hopefully.

"Well, I thought it out this way, that we might thank him as a tribe."

"I don't see what you mean," responded Antoinette.

"I mean that when the Wawenocks take Mary Woodyear into the tribe that we might plan to all thank Grandpa Newman for our good time. I am going to talk it over with Miss Abitha and Rose Mason."

"That will be the best way," responded Antoinette. "There's the call for luncheon now; you'll have to plan it this afternoon because Captain Penrith says that we shall reach the shell-heaps to-morrow."

As soon as luncheon was finished Adrienne told Miss Abitha and Rose of her plan.

"It is an excellent idea," said Miss Abitha, "and it will be just the right thing to do. After Mary has been welcomed to the tribe, each one of us can march past Mr. Newman, make him a bow and say what we want to say to him of our appreciation of his kindness."

"I am afraid that I might not say the right thing," said Antoinette; "all I could think of to say would be 'Thank you, Grandpa Newman.' "

"Well," responded Miss Abitha smilingly, "I think that he would be very much pleased to hear you say that. But we might tell the other girls about it, and

arrange a little program so each one will know what to say."

"Myrtle Green will want to make up verses," suggested Adrienne, a little fearfully.

Grandpa Newman, from his place at the wheel, wondered what all the house-boat party were so interested in that afternoon. They were talking, laughing, reciting, bowing low to one another, and marching back and forth on the long promenade deck.

"They must be practicing for the tribal ceremonies," he concluded.

At sunset the "Water Witch" was at the mouth of the river, and a quiet anchorage was found, and Captain Penrith said they could have supper on shore if they wished. There was a smooth open field near their moorings, and supper was prepared and served only a short distance from the shore. They watched the moon rise, and did not go on board the house-boat until late in the evening. None of them was as ready for sleep as usual, for the next day would bring them to the shell-heaps, and they were all looking forward to seeing Elinor, toward Mary's becoming a Wawenock, and to the little ceremony of thanks for Grandpa Newman.

"It's all like a long picnic, isn't it, Lamb?" whis-

pered Mary Woodyear, as the two little girls prepared for bed. "Just think, I don't have to do anything but have a good time."

This made Lamb remember how busy Mary was in her own home. How she washed dishes, cared for the younger children, and was always pleasant and cheerful. "And I have good times right along," thought Lamb, and resolved that she would try and share more pleasures with Mary.

They were all watching for a sight of the shell-heaps the next day long before it was possible to see them, but it was Mary who exclaimed, as they came in sight of the shining mounds, "Look—oh, look! There is a truly canoe near the shore and a real Indian in it." And as they all looked toward their former landing-place they were sure that Mary was right, for a canoe could be plainly seen paddled slowly along near the shore by an Indian. At least the occupant of the canoe wore a head-dress of nodding feathers, and a bright-colored blanket was draped about the shoulders.

As the house-boat drew near the "Indian" raised the paddle from the water, and holding it upright sent a long-drawn call across the water.

"Elinor! That is Elinor!" declared Eunice, and the house-boat party joined in a chorus of "Elinors!"

and in a few moments the "Indian's" canoe came alongside the house-boat and Elinor was on board bowing low before Constance and welcoming the tribe back to their old camping-place.

"It was Uncle Perry's idea for me to dress up like this," she explained ; "these are turkey feathers," touching her head-dress, "and this blanket is one Aunt Perry made by sewing strips of blue and red flannel together."

"But where did you get the canoe?" asked Eunice.

"The canoe and paddle Uncle Perry bought for me from some Indians who came down the river since you were here," replied Elinor ; "one of the Indian girls taught me to paddle. Uncle Perry says that he will keep it here for me, and then I will want to come here for my vacation every year."

Mr. and Mrs. Perry came down to the shore to welcome their friends.

"You must come right up to the house for supper," insisted Mrs. Perry ; "the table is all spread in the orchard, and there's a good clam stew ready to serve as soon as you will be ready to have it. Why ! here is a new little girl !" she exclaimed as Constance introduced Mary. "I declare I shall have to plan some special good times while you are here so that all these girls will want to come and see Elinor next summer."

Even Captain Penrith was persuaded to go up to the orchard for supper, and he acknowledged that the clam stew was the best he had ever tasted. "Maybe it's because I'm so tired of my own cooking that this tasted so good," he confided to Dannie on their way back to the landing.

"I like your clam stews just as well as Mrs. Perry's," declared Dannie handsomely.

"Do you now! Well, I calculate that I do fairly well," replied Captain Penrith, "and we all like a word of praise, I reckon."

Elinor had persuaded Mrs. Newman to consent to Eunice staying all night at the farm. Eunice was to tell Elinor all about the plans for the Wawenock ceremonies, and both the girls promised to be at the landing in good season the next morning. But at nine o'clock they had not appeared. The house-boat party all landed, and when ten o'clock came and there was nothing to be seen of either Elinor or Eunice, Mrs. Newman sent Dannie up to the farmhouse to find out the reason for their delay.

Dannie was gone only a short time when he came running back across the field with the news that the girls had started for the shore just after eight o'clock.

"I guess that we needn't be frightened," said Dan-

nie, "for when I told Mrs. Perry that we hadn't seen them, she just smiled and said, 'Well, I guess they are safe and sound, and perhaps you will see them pretty soon.'"

Dannie had hardly finished speaking when Miss Abitha exclaimed: "What is that?" and at that instant a long arrow, tipped with a crimson feather, fell at Constance's feet, and then came a long call from the edge of the woods and two figures, wearing blankets and head-dress of feathers, and carrying bows and arrows, appeared marching very slowly across the field. As they drew nearer they called out, "Welcome! Welcome! Wawenocks," and were soon making Constance a speech, asking her and her tribe to follow them to the woods.

This was quickly agreed on, and the girls, wondering what new pleasure was in store for them, walked off, one by one, Indian file, followed by Miss Abitha, Mrs. Newman, grandpa and Dannie.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A FAVORING STORM

ELINOR and Eunice took them along a pretty, fern-bordered wood path, which led through a grove of pine and spruce-trees and soon brought them to a little clearing through which ran a stream of clear, dancing water.

Near the border of the stream a large circle had been marked off with green boughs, and in the centre of this circle was a raised bank of moss and pine boughs, and to this Elinor and Eunice led the "chief." Each member of the tribe was then presented with a beautiful ash bow and two arrows, tipped with scarlet feathers. Elinor explained that these had been purchased of the "real Indians," and also that her uncle had set up a mark for them to fire at on the other side of the stream.

Mary was now led away by Elinor and Eunice, and on her return she, too, wore a head-dress of turkey feathers. She knelt before the chief and vowed to be a faithful and good Wawenock, and the tribe then hurried to cross the stream and begin practice with their bows and arrows.

"It is the same as English archery," said Grandpa Newman, as he watched them approvingly; "and there is no better or more graceful exercise for girls. I think I must put up a mark at Pine Tree Farm so the girls can keep up their practice."

"It would be a fine idea for Miss Wilson to include archery with the school sports," said Miss Abitha; "I must tell her about it."

"Grandpa Newman, the chief of the Wawenocks wishes you to please sit on the tribal throne," said Lamb, taking her grandpa by the hand and leading him toward the mound of moss and pine boughs.

Mr. Newman obeyed smilingly, and then looked up a little surprised at the procession of archers forming just before him. The Glidden twins headed the file, and as they marched toward him he was reminded of the marching and bowing he had witnessed only yesterday on the promenade deck of the "Water Witch."

As Adrienne and Antoinette reached him they both said together:

"We want to thank you for the best time we ever had. We shall always remember your kindness to us."

"Well! well!" murmured Grandpa Newman, but before he could say a word there were Mary and Dan-

nie Woodyear, all smiles and dimples, both looking at him affectionately and saying in concert :

“ We thank you very much ; and we will never forget all your goodness.”

“ There ! there ! ” said Grandpa Newman, a little huskiness in his voice, and the next moment Rose Mason and Myrtle Green had taken the place of the Woodyear children and were saying :

“ For the best time any girls ever had we want to thank you ; and we think you have been as good and kind to us as any one could be.”

“ I declare ! I declare ! ” whispered Grandpa Newman, moving uneasily upon his throne as Miss Abitha came up with her message of thanks. Constance and Eunice were close behind her, but before they could speak Grandpa Newman had sprung to his feet and had his arms about his little granddaughters.

“ I won’t be thanked ! ” he exclaimed. “ Why, this has all been for my own pleasure ! The idea of thanking me for having a good time in good company.” While he stood with his arms about Constance and Eunice the others all joined hands and danced about them saying, “ Thank you, thank you, thank you,” until Grandpa Newman broke through the circle and started down the wood path. The girls were about to

follow him when they heard Mr. Perry's voice, and in a few moments Grandpa Newman came back accompanied by Elinor's aunt and uncle.

"It's a pretty warm day in the open," declared Mr. Perry. "I think the tribe will be wise to stay here in the shade."

"This brook is a perfectly safe place to go wading," suggested Mrs. Newman; and, headed by Rose Mason and Constance, the "tribe" started to wade down the clear stream.

"It isn't so much fun as to wade in the Atlantic Ocean," declared Lamb.

"But we know we can get on dry land any minute, and I like that," said Adrienne Glidden, remembering her struggle to keep afloat in her last wading expedition.

While the girls and Dannie waded down the stream the older members of the party sat about the "throne" and talked over the happy days of the voyage.

"The trip is not over yet," said Grandpa Newman. "I have written Henry to persuade grandma that we ought to do a little exploring up-river, and after a day or so at Pine Tree Farm I want to take her on board and visit one or two of the lakes at the head of the river."

"I think I will stay at home for that part of the cruise," said young Mrs. Newman.

"Wish that we could borrow that nice Woodyear girl and boy for the winter," said Mr. Perry. "I expect Dannie and I would have a weather observatory, a wireless telegraph station, and discover several constellations before another summer."

It was sunset when they were ready to start for the shore. The girls bade Elinor good-bye, and the bows and arrows were declared to be just what they had wanted to make them feel like real Wawenocks.

"Your last night on board the 'Water Witch' this trip," said Grandpa Newman, as they stood on the landing waiting for Captain Penrith to come ashore for them. They all looked toward the house-boat and at that moment there was a chorus of exclamations, for from the railings, and flag-post, and all about the "Water Witch" small points of lights began to show until it looked as if crowds of fireflies had settled all over the big boat.

"Japanese lanterns!" declared Adrienne.

"That is what Captain Penrith was about, eh?" said Grandpa Newman. And when Captain Penrith appeared he was praised and commended for the beautiful illumination.

"I thought I'd like to do something special for the last night," he said, as if to excuse himself; "and I have taken the liberty to have a little something extra for supper."

The "back porch" was lit with large lanterns and the table daintily spread. There was no boiled lobster to-night, but there were pitchers of cool lemonade, sliced chicken and ham, a delicious salad, a plate of wonderful biscuit, and as a final touch a big cake was brought on, which made them all exclaim in admiration, for on top was a small sugar model of the "Water Witch."

"I'm glad we are going up the river," said Captain Penrith; "I declare I shan't know what to do when this cruise is really over. You won't find nicer folks than I've had for passengers on this trip."

"But it will be nice to get home," said Dannie.

"Why, yes," agreed Captain Penrith; "but sailors-men like me are more at home on water than on land."

Just before bedtime the sky grew hazy, and a little breeze crept across the quiet river.

"I do believe it is going to blow up a storm," said Captain Penrith. "To-day has been a real weather-breeder, anyway. These dreadful pleasant days are

apt to be dangerous. I guess I'd better put out an extra anchor."

The captain's predictions were justified. By midnight there was a strong wind blowing, and the rain was coming down in torrents. The girls lay awake for some time listening to the water dashing against the boat, but at last it sent them to sleep. "I feel as if I were in a cradle," Lamb whispered sleepily.

It was not morning when Grandpa Newman awoke suddenly. The "Water Witch" seemed to him to be moving rapidly through the water, and he decided to dress and go on deck. As he opened the door from the passageway to the forward deck a gust of wind nearly took him off his feet, but he managed to close the door, and stood close against the cabin and peered out into the storm.

"We have surely broken away from our moorings," he decided, as he tried to see if the launch was safely fastened to the larger craft. He called to Captain Penrith and was greatly relieved when the captain and Dannie answered him from the launch.

"Are we being swept out to sea, captain?" asked Grandpa Newman anxiously.

"I'm all turned round, sir," responded the captain; "if the wind is so'west, as I believe it to be, we are

headed straight for Christmas Cove, but if it is so'east, as it ain't likely to be, we are bound to fetch up on Mr. Perry's front steps. But there ain't a thing we can do till the darkness is gone."

Dannie kept very close to Captain Penrith, but his eyes were lifted, and he wondered where all the stars were in that thick curtain of storm at night. Gradually the wind lessened, a gray light could be seen in the distance. The "Water Witch" ceased rolling. The gray light changed to silver, and little darts of crimson and gold began to show. Gradually the morning came. The night of storm and danger was over, and Constance and Rose came out from their cabin in time to see the sun creep up from behind a far-off line of trees and shine down the river and green fields along its banks.

"Where are we, grandpa?" asked Constance wonderingly. "Have we been sailing all night?"

"The wind was dead south," muttered Captain Penrith, "and it's pushed us right along up the river in as straight a course as we could wish to go. Yes, sir," and he turned toward Grandpa Newman, "we are pretty near the point we started from a month ago."

By this time the whole party were on deck, and there were many exclamations of wonder to find their

journey so nearly finished. Captain Penrith and Grandpa Newman busied themselves in putting the "Water Witch" in good order, and Miss Abitha, Mrs. Newman and Rose volunteered to prepare breakfast, and at an unusually early hour they were drinking their hot coffee and enjoying the crisp bacon and hot corn muffins.

By noon their landing-place was in sight, and when the boat was moored Constance and her grandfather decided to start at once for the farm. As they prepared to land Dannie called out: "There's Jimmie! There's my brother Jimmie!" An instant later Miss Abitha exclaimed, "And there is my father," and Mr. Eben Bean and Jimmie Woodyear could be seen coming down to the shore. Then there was the sound of wheels; some one called out "Whoa!" and then Grandma Newman and her son came into sight.

"Mother was bound to make an early start," explained Mr. Henry Newman. "She was sure you would come last night before the storm."

"No, we came with the storm," replied his father, and had time to say no more, for Constance and Eunice had taken possession of their father, and the whole group were exchanging greetings.

"Oh, grandmother!" said Lamb, as she showed her

grandmother "the back porch," and tried to persuade her to mount to the roof; "we have had a lovely time, but the very best part of it is coming home."

"Yes, dear," said grandma, nodding her head wisely, "that is always the best part of any journey."

## CHAPTER XIX

### A NEW TRIBE

THE day after reaching Pine Tree Farm Constance and Eunice persuaded Grandma Newman to go down to where the "Water Witch" lay moored; and, accompanied by Miss Abitha, they set out.

"Rose is to begin teaching school next month," said Constance thoughtfully, as old Lion trotted down the smooth road; "it makes her seem really grown up."

"But she isn't quite eighteen," said Miss Abitha; "we must do all we can to make her enjoy her last school-day vacation. She will be here two weeks longer."

"But Myrtle and the Gliddens can only stay one week more," said Eunice mournfully. "What can we do that week, grandma, so that they will say it was the best week of all?"

"Well," said grandma gravely, "I should think you would give them a house-boat party up the river, and ask your poor old grandmother to go along!"

Eunice gave a little jump. "Will you, really, grandma?"

"If I should be asked properly to go up the river, where the water is reasonably smooth, and where I could step ashore often, I really think that I should go," replied Mrs. Newman.

"I was wishing only this morning that we could go up the river," said Constance.

"Your mother will have to stay at home this trip," continued grandma; "but perhaps I'll let Abitha go."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Miss Abitha, very meekly.

They found the captain busy putting the house-boat in order, and he listened to their plan for a trip up-river with evident approval.

"Yes, ma'am; I can go just as well as not," he replied to Mrs. Newman's question, "and I should admire to, especially if you are planning to take Dannie. He was help as well as company."

"We will take Dannie if his parents are willing," said grandma.

She looked the house-boat over approvingly.

"I really think that I shall enjoy sitting on the roof with my knitting," she said. "Your grandfather has been urging me to go on this boat ever since he got home. Now I'll tell him that we will start as soon as he is ready."

"You shall be a Wawenock, grandma; as chief I will accept you into the tribe," said Constance.

"I ought to be an Abenaki," responded grandma. "You know I was born on the banks of the Kennebec, near the hunting grounds of the 'gentle Abenakis.' "

"But the Wawenocks were peaceful, too," said Lamb.

"I think I must be an Abenaki," insisted grandma laughingly. "Why, when John Alden came up the Kennebec on a trading voyage from Plymouth, the Abenakis received him kindly, told him many of their traditions, and he went back to Plymouth with the news that the Abenaki tribe were nearly a civilized people. Their children had games, one of which was something like 'Hawk and Chickens.' And in this Indian game the little Abenaki girls, instead of saying 'Eny, meny, mony, mi,' as you do, said 'Hony, keebe, laweis, agles, huntip!' and whoever was left, after all the rest were counted out, had to be the 'old Swamp Woman.' "

"Oh, grandma! Why didn't you ever tell us about these Indians before?" said Lamb. "Now we can't be Abenakis."

"Why, I don't know as we ever talked about Indian tribes before," replied grandma, "but there is a good deal to tell about the Abenakis. The women of the

tribe used to plait rushes into big mats for their wigwams ; they strung shells into wonderful necklaces, and they made beautiful moccasins. There is a poem about them ; I can remember just one verse," and grandma repeated these lines :

“ Wake, wake, little chieftain, wake !  
Thine are the eastern lands ;  
For thee did the Good Great Spirit make  
Forest, and hill, and stream, and lake,  
And the river's shining strands.  
Thine they are while the last wind blows,  
And the Long-Land-Water flows and flows.”

Grandpa Newman was delighted when he found that grandma really wanted to go up the river on the “ Water Witch.”

“ We can start to-morrow,” he declared ; and when Mrs. Woodyear was asked to let Mary and Dannie go also, she gladly agreed.

Rose, Myrtle and the twins were as pleased as Constance and Eunice. But they were all sorry to leave young Mrs. Newman at the farm.

“ I won’t be too strict with the children,” grandma promised ; “ of course you know I’m always very firm, but I will remember that this is the end of vacation

time." This made young Mr. and Mrs. Newman smile, for Grandma Newman was always so indulgent to her grandchildren that their own parents often accused her of spoiling them.

Dannie, telescope under his arm, was the first one to appear at the house-boat on the morning set for the cruise up-river. Captain Penrith gave him a warm welcome.

"You'll make a fine navigator, Dannie; I can see that plain enough," he said. "'Twon't be long before you'll be making charts of this river for captains to use." Dannie shook his head soberly.

"I shan't have time," he replied. "I've got to earn money to go to college with, because I can't be an astronomer unless I understand mathematics. I'll have to figure distances between stars and planets, you know."

"That's so," responded the captain, as if he had entirely forgotten a plain fact; "but what are you calculating on learning about the heavens while we are up-river?"

Dannie shook his head. "I can't tell, captain; but there's always something new to see. Here comes Miss Abitha!" and Dannie put his telescope carefully down beside his small bundle of clothing and ran to

meet her ; for he saw that she was carrying a large covered basket, and Dannie was always ready to help.

"This is almost too heavy for you, Dannie," replied his good friend when he asked to take the basket ; "but you can take hold of the handle and help. I wanted to get it here before the others came. Perhaps Captain Penrith will let me put it aboard the launch until I want to use it. You see, none of them know about it, and I am not going to tell you just yet, Dannie !"

Dannie nodded smilingly. "Will you tell me if I should guess right ?" asked Dannie ; but Miss Abitha shook her head, and the heavy basket was given into Captain Penrith's charge.

"How far up is this river navigable, captain ?" asked Miss Abitha.

"We could go quite a distance, ma'am," responded the captain. "You see there is a chain of lakes beginning some twenty miles above here, and I think we shall see a good many places of interest. There ain't a fall or rapid, and the water is deep with just a fair current."

Before Captain Penrith could continue his description of the upper waters of the river the rest of the party came in sight. Constance and Rose were ahead, then came Grandpa and Grandma Newman, closely followed

by the Glidden twins and Mary Woodyear, while Lamb and Myrtle were the last of the procession.

“No one to see us start on this adventurous voyage,” declared grandpa, as he led grandma carefully across the gangplank ; and then shouted “All aboard !” which brought the girls hurrying and scrambling down the bank.

Dannie was to sleep on the launch with Captain Penrith, and had already put his telescope and Miss Abitha’s basket in the small cabin. The launch now shot ahead, the “Water Witch” moved after it, as if against its will, and Grandma Newman, standing on the front end of the promenade deck, saw the familiar shores slip by, and looked at the happy faces around her and acknowledged that there was no way of traveling as pleasant as on a house-boat.

“Just think, Rose, we are really to see the Lake of the Woods at last,” said Constance as the two friends watched the staunch little launch pulling them along so steadily.

“I don’t know how I can thank you all for this happy summer,” responded Rose. “When I am a schoolma’am I shall look back on these days and enjoy them all over again.”

Constance looked down at the little gold medal which

swung from her neck on a slender gold chain, and read the words engraved upon it, "Justice, Faith, Kindness." "Rose!" she exclaimed, "what a little savage I was when I first came to Miss Wilson's school. Grandpa and Grandma Newman had just spoiled me. I hadn't an idea in my head of what a girl ought to be until I saw you; and even then it took me some time to realize that you were just the kind of a girl that my mother and father wanted me to be. Don't talk about thanking any of this family for anything. What would have become of me if you hadn't been my friend?" and Constance slid her hand under Rose's arm and gave it an affectionate squeeze. "And you know, Rose, mother always says that you are her eldest girl, so it's all in the family."

Rose made no response. She had no father or mother; no home of her own, and the affection and kindness shown her by the Newman family made her very grateful.

"Your grandma was telling me about the Abenaki Indians who used to live on the banks of the Kennebec River," she said, "and of one custom among their young men. When a brave was old enough to fish and hunt for himself, he selected a companion, a friend, and those two vowed loyalty to each other. This custom

was called the 'Nidoba,' and meant that each one was sure of a loyal friend."

"We'll follow that custom," responded Constance enthusiastically. "I wish it had been one of the customs of our tribe. Rose, remember always that we are 'Nidoba.'" As she spoke the two girls rose to their feet and clasped hands, making a contract of friendship, which had begun at school, and was to last a life-time.

Grandma Newman enjoyed luncheon on the "back porch," and said that it looked to her as if the "Water Witch" was headed straight for the woods. "I can't see any sign of an opening ahead," she declared anxiously, as the craft moved steadily up-stream. "I believe Captain Penrith has got to the head of the stream and don't know it; and it ain't near supper time yet." But before Grandma Newman finished speaking Myrtle Green pointed to a glimpse of water which could be seen beyond the woods.

"My land!" exclaimed Grandma Newman; "is that launch going to pull us right across the woods?"

But now their course changed a little, and they soon rounded the wooded point, sailed along a narrow channel where the house-boat was near to the shore on both sides, and came out into a lake. The shores were

deeply wooded, long shadows fell across its quiet waters, and no other boat was in sight.

"This is the Lake of the Woods," announced Grandpa Newman; and the "Water Witch" was allowed to drift very near a bank shaded by overhanging pines. Here she was made fast and supper prepared.

It was nearly a full moon, the air was soft and warm, and they all went on shore and sat down beneath the big trees. Adrienne and Antoinette sang some of their school songs, and then a happy silence fell upon the little party. Captain Penrith and Danie went on board the launch, and when Grandpa Newman looked at his watch and exclaimed, "Ten o'clock," grandma declared that it was the shortest evening of the whole summer.

"All aboard," called grandpa, and one after another went down the bank.

"Where's Lamb?" asked Grandpa Newman; "has she gone on board?"

"I don't think so," said Miss Abitha. A hurried search proved that Lamb was not on the "Water Witch."

"I haven't seen her since supper," said Constance. "I thought she was with Mary and Myrtle."

"No," said Mary, "I haven't seen her since supper."



A HAPPY SILENCE FELL UPON THE LITTLE PARTY



"I'll call Penrith to bring a lantern on shore, and we'll soon find her," said Grandpa Newman. "Lamb is a great sleepy-head, and is probably taking a nap under one of these big trees where the shadows are too deep for us to see her. You girls call her name, perhaps that will wake her up." And cries of "Lamb! Lamb! Eunice! Eunice!" echoed through the stillness, but no response came. Captain Penrith appeared with the lantern and a careful search was made along the bank, but at midnight no sign of the missing girl could be found.

## CHAPTER XX

### AT SPRING POND

"I DON'T see where Lamb can be," said Constance anxiously, as they all gathered around Grandpa Newman on the promenade deck. "Of course she wouldn't start off into the woods by herself in the evening. She must be near, and she must be asleep."

Constance was right, for while her anxious friends called her name, peered into the shadows, and wondered if there were bears in those deep woods, Eunice was peacefully slumbering close within their reach.

When they had all gone on shore after supper she had noticed the small rowboat, the tender to the launch, swinging easily from its fastening at the side of the house-boat.

"It would be just like a big cradle," thought the little girl. It took but a slight pull on the rope to bring the boat near enough for her to step into it. Captain Penrith's coat lay across one seat, and Lamb slid into a comfortable position with her head against the coat and looked admiringly across the smooth lake,

with the moon throwing silvery glints here and there. She was just about to call Mary Woodyear to come and enjoy the "cradle" with her when the twins began to sing and soothed by the gentle motion of the boat and by their voices she went sound asleep; nor did the repeated calling of her name disturb her slumbers.

"I don't see what we can do," said Grandpa Newman. There was a great fear in his heart that his little granddaughter might have slipped overboard; and he reproached himself sadly that he had not kept a closer watch on his party.

Mary Woodyear stood close by the railing looking down at the water. Tears were very near her eyes. It seemed a terrible thing to her that Lamb could not be found. She watched the small rowboat swinging gently in the current, and as she looked it seemed to her that there was something in the boat. She wiped her eyes, looked more closely and was sure.

"Miss Abitha!" she called, and in a moment Miss Abitha's tall figure was beside her.

"What is it, Mary?"

"I don't know; I'm not sure, but isn't there something in that little boat?"

Miss Abitha's eyes followed Mary's finger and after a second's hesitation she whispered, "Thank heaven!"

and Mary knew that the "something in the boat" was Eunice.

"Come here, Mrs. Newman," called Miss Abitha, so joyfully that Grandma Newman almost ran across the deck sure that her friend had good news.

"Look!" said Miss Abitha pointing toward the row-boat; and grandma's trembling fingers grasped Miss Abitha's arm.

"Is it our Lamb?" she whispered.

"I am almost sure it is," answered Miss Abitha, and Grandpa Newman hurried down the steep stairs followed by all the others.

The little boat was drawn close to the side of the house-boat and Captain Penrith held it steadily while Grandpa Newman lifted the small figure out and, without awaking her, carried her to her berth and laid her gently down.

"Now everybody to bed," he said, and with thankful hearts they prepared for rest.

Lamb was the first one to awake the next morning.

"Why!" she exclaimed, sitting up in her berth, "I've got all my clothes on." She rubbed her eyes vigorously, and again exclaimed, "And I don't remember going to bed at all. I remember getting into the

little boat and hearing the girls sing; and that's all I do remember."

By this time the other girls had surrounded her, and told her of the search of the previous night, and of how Mary had discovered her in the small boat.

"Constance knows how sound I sleep," explained Lamb. "She might have known that I was fast asleep somewhere."

"I did," responded her sister. "I said that you were asleep."

"Well, then of course you knew I was all right," concluded Lamb, in so satisfied a tone that even Grandma Newman joined in the girls' laughter.

After breakfast they all decided that they would like to sail around the lake, and the "Water Witch" again followed the little launch, and from the upper deck the house-boat party admired the smooth shores, the big trees, and the quiet loveliness of the lake.

"How do we get out of it?" questioned Grandma Newman, and her question was quickly answered by the sight of a broad passage of water not far ahead.

"That strait will take us to Spring Pond," volunteered Miss Abitha.

"A strait is a body of water connecting two larger

bodies of water,'" quoted Myrtle Green, recalling her early lessons in geography.

"This is as far up-river as we can go this trip," said Grandpa Newman, as they came out into Spring Pond. "And I think we can put up the tents and sleep one night on shore. We must plan to get back to Pine Tree Farm before Sunday, as I want all this party to go to church with me Sunday morning."

"We can't have a clambake here, can we?" said Dannie, a little regretfully.

"No, sir; we can't," responded Captain Penrith, as he looked along the shores of the pond for a good landing-place; "but there's plenty of white perch in this lake, and as soon as we make a landing you can catch me a mess and I'll cook as good a chowder as you'll wish to taste."

It was well past the noon hour when the "Water Witch" was safely moored near a pleasant, sandy beach, and the house-boat party landed and made preparations for a camp.

"Now, Dannie," said Miss Abitha, "do you think you can bring that heavy basket of mine ashore?"

"Yes, indeed," said the boy, and wondered again what the mysterious basket could contain.

"Carry it to that big oak tree," continued Miss

Abitha, pointing to a big tree a short distance from the camp, "and put it behind the tree where no one will be apt to see it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dannie. He was very sure that Miss Abitha had some delightful surprise in that basket; and as he tugged it up from the beach he was careful that no one should see him, and the basket reached the oak-tree without attracting any attention.

The day proved very warm, and they were all glad to keep in the shadow of the trees. Constance and Rose were the only ones of the party who seemed disposed for exercise, and they had taken the small boat and paddled lazily along the shore, on the outlook for some plant or blossom which they could add to their collection.

"Rose," said Constance thoughtfully, "I wish that you would tell me how you manage always to do the right thing. You see, after this summer it will be different. You will be grown up, and of course you'll know what to do, but when you were a little girl, not as old as Lamb, Miss Wilson says that she could always depend on you. How did you know how?"

Rose lifted her paddle threateningly. "Constance Newman!" she exclaimed laughingly, "you ought to be ashamed to make me feel so ashamed."

Constance shook her head soberly. "Honest, Rose!" she responded, "we are 'Nidobas,' sworn friends, and you ought to tell me. Ever since I knew you I have known that you were true blue; and I want to know what makes you so."

Rose's paddle dipped into the quiet water again, and this time she answered more seriously.

"I do have a little plan, Constance; but perhaps it is rather a selfish one. You know it just as well as I do. I try and think of it always. It is 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' I forget it, of course, now and then; and am always sorry. But when I do remember it it makes me want to be kind to everybody, and fair, and ready to see their good qualities. I guess it must be your plan, too," she concluded, "or you would not have won that medal at school."

"I won that medal by trying to be just like you, Rose," declared her friend.

Rose shook her head soberly. "That isn't fair," she said; "my little plan is the best way."

"All right, it is an easy one to remember. My father taught me that years ago."

The girls had kept so much in the shadow of the trees along the shore that they had not noticed the

little dark clouds which had crept over the sky, and not until a spatter of rain dashed in their faces, and a distant peal of thunder fell upon their ears did they realize that a shower was upon them.

They turned the boat instantly toward the shore.

"There isn't much shelter from these trees," said Constance. "Can't we pull the boat up and turn it sideways? I hate to get soaked as we will if this rain keeps on."

Fortunately the boat was not very heavy, and both Rose and Constance were strong, with well-trained muscles, and they found it an easy matter to draw the boat close to the bank and turn it sideways. Then they crept under its shelter and found themselves well protected from the storm.

"It won't last long," said Rose; "it is coming down in torrents; and when it is over we will go back to camp as dry as when we left, and they won't know how we escaped a wetting."

"I hope they won't be anxious about us," said Constance.

"There, you are using the little plan," Rose reminded her.

Grandma Newman was a little uneasy about their absence, but after Grandpa Newman and Miss Abitha

had both said : "Why, what could happen to Rose and Constance ?" she did not worry, although she confided to Eunice that she supposed water would wet Rose and Constance as well as other people, and was obliged to laugh at Eunice's surprised look as she answered :

"Why, yes, grandma, dear ; only you know that Rose and Constance would be sure to get where the rain wouldn't come."

"How do you suppose Constance and Rose know just what they ought to do ?" questioned Myrtle thoughtfully, as the girls all gathered in the cabin to wait for the shower to cease.

Adrienne Glidden looked at Myrtle as if surprised at the question. "Why, Myrtle Green !" she exclaimed, "they think about what they are going to do, and then when they decide what is right they do it."

"Humph," responded Myrtle, "that sounds easy, but I have tried it and it isn't."

"No," said Mary Woodyear, "but I guess the more you think about it the easier it is. You see, if you have little brothers and sisters you learn a great deal from them ; because you don't expect them to do any thinking and so you have to do it for them."

Adrienne Glidden nodded approvingly. "That's the way with Rose and Constance," she declared ; "they

are older than the rest of us, and they remember it, and think about what is best to do and do it ; and so we all like them.”

The rain was coming more slowly, and in a few moments a gleam of sunshine was seen, the sky cleared, and they all hurried up to the “ roof,” and looked up the pond for a sight of the little boat. It was not long before it came in sight. Rose and Constance were paddling briskly. As they came near the house-boat they began to sing, and their listeners wondered where they had learned the beautiful lines which rang out so musically :

“ Thou shalt chase the deer with the starry eyes,  
And follow the stream where the salmon rise,  
    In a boat that is like the moon.  
Soft like the curved white moon it goes,  
Where the Koonabecki flows and flows.”

There was a chorus of applause from the listeners, and when Lamb exclaimed : “ Look ! They are just as dry as when they started ! ” there was a murmur of laughter. Constance told of drawing the boat on shore and using it for a shelter, greatly to the admiration of her Grandpa Newman.

“ No naps anywhere to-night,” he commanded as

they finished supper, and gathered on the promenade deck. Captain Penrith had hung the Japanese lanterns, and Dannie had brought pine boughs from the woods and woven them about the railings, so that the place seemed unusually festive.

"There ought to be deer in this part of the country," said Grandpa Newman; "this pond is so clear and quiet, with woods near for safety and shelter, and a good chance for food along the banks. I should think ——"

Just at that moment there was a crashing noise from the shore and as they all turned to look they could plainly see the graceful figure of a deer just on the edge of the woodland. Its head was lifted and its eyes fixed upon the bright lights of the "Water Witch."

Every one on board kept as quiet as possible. Lamb declared afterward that she knew that she didn't breathe for five minutes. The deer came slowly toward the boat as if fascinated by the light, then some sudden movement on the launch startled it, and with a swift leap it bounded away and disappeared. Then there was a chorus of exclamations, and Miss Abitha said, "Deer are the most curious animals in existence, and a bright light fascinates them. Hunters along these very

shores used to fasten big lanterns on the bow of their boats, and the poor, wild creatures would come peering at the light to be welcomed by a bullet. But nowadays men are more merciful, and the lantern or torch is used to bring them down to have their picture taken."

Very soon after this they all declared themselves ready for bed, and, talking over the pleasant happenings of the day, the girls all declared that each day of the house-boat party was proving more and more delightful. "But it is only two days longer," were Myrtle's good-night words.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE BASKET UNDER THE OAK

THE sun was just above the horizon the next morning when Miss Abitha carefully left the cabin of the house-boat and made her way to the big oak-tree behind which Dannie had left the covered basket.

She removed the cover and took out a number of packages, which she laid in a circle. At the very bottom of the basket was folded a bright-colored blanket and Miss Abitha spread this over the packages, put her basket back behind the tree, and then, as lightly as a girl, ran back to the house-boat. She found Captain Penrith and Dannie both on shore, and making preparations to serve breakfast under the trees. They both looked at her in surprise.

“Well, ma’am, I calculated none of you planned to sleep in the tents last night on account of the shower !” exclaimed Captain Penrith.

“We all slept on the house-boat,” replied Miss Abitha smilingly, “but I got up early, because this is my birthday, and I like to start my year in right.”

“I declare !” replied Captain Penrith in a disap-

pointed tone, "I wish that you had thought to speak of it yesterday. I would have had something special for breakfast."

"There's time now to make griddle-cakes," said Miss Abitha, "and Mr. Newman likes those for breakfast."

"I meant something special that you liked yourself, ma'am," replied Captain Penrith.

"Oh, birthdays are to make other people happy, you know," answered Miss Abitha, "and we might begin with the griddle-cakes."

"Just as you say, Miss Abitha," responded the captain a little mournfully; but there were a few whispered words to Dannie which sent the boy running along the shore, and when they were all called to breakfast Miss Abitha found her chair garlanded with strands of wild clematis and at her plate was a covered dish.

"What's all this?" inquired Grandpa Newman.

"It's Miss Abitha's birthday!" volunteered Dannie, "so Captain Penrith and I trimmed her chair, and there are two nice perch in that covered dish 'specially for her."

"And griddle-cakes especially for you, Mr. Newman," said Miss Abitha.

Lamb had kept very close to Miss Abitha while this

conversation was going on, and now slipped a little package into her good friend's hand.

"I didn't forget it," she whispered; "I made this before we started on our trip."

Miss Abitha turned a loving glance on the little girl, and unwrapped the package. A dainty hemstitched handkerchief lay in the white paper.

"To think that Lamb should be the one to remember!" exclaimed Constance.

"Eunice was always a very thoughtful child," said Grandma Newman proudly.

Breakfast proved a very happy feast, and as soon as it was over Miss Abitha said that she wanted them all to follow her to the big oak-tree.

"I have planned to have a birthday celebration there," she said, and they all wondered what surprise was in store for them.

The gleam of the bright-colored blanket showed through the trees, and as they came near Miss Abitha asked Eunice and Mary Woodyear to lift it carefully, and to give what they found under it to those whose names were on the packages.

"This is for Dannie," exclaimed Mary; and Dannie was soon happy in looking over a wonderful book with colored charts of the heavenly bodies.

"And this is for me!" continued Mary, and her package proved to contain a little work-bag, with needles, scissors, threads and a ball of wax.

"Captain Penrith," called out Lamb, and the captain came forward all smiles, cap in hand, and received a little box which the girls insisted that he should open at once.

"I declare, ma'am," he said making Miss Abitha a very polite bow, "nothing could have pleased me more," and he held up a tiny compass, set in silver, which he proceeded to fasten to his watch-chain.

Constance, Rose, Lamb, and Myrtle each found a small box of candies in their package, as did Grandpa and Grandma Newman, while the Glidden twins were each delighted with mounted photographs of Pine Tree Farm.

"There never was such a girl as Abitha!" declared Grandpa Newman as he and Lamb walked toward the house-boat; "and to think that my little Eunice was the only one to remember her," and Grandpa Newman looked down approvingly at the little figure beside him.

Lamb felt very happy. "I guess I am learning to remember to try and make people happy," she thought to herself.

"Grandpa!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I have

thought of something that we can do for Miss Abitha!"

"What is it?" questioned Grandpa Newman, and they both stopped while Eunice explained her plan.

"That's a fine idea!" declared Grandpa Newman enthusiastically. "You tell the girls about it and I will find your grandmother and tell her," and the two separated.

In a short time Constance, Rose, the twins, Myrtle and Mary and Lamb were talking busily together, and it was not long before Miss Abitha found herself left alone on the promenade deck. Not even Captain Penrith was in sight. But one after another of the party appeared, and by lunch-time they were all near the beach. There were a good many smiles and nods exchanged among the younger members of the company, and all seemed in a hurry to finish luncheon, and, for a wonder, Captain Penrith did not urge them to be helped a second time to the snow custard which he made as an especial attention to Miss Abitha.

"Let's go to walk in the woods," suggested Lamb, in so serious a tone that the other girls all laughed heartily; but Lamb did not seem to mind; she took a firm grasp on Miss Abitha's arm and led the way, closely followed by the others.

They had only gone a short distance when Miss Abitha noticed something hanging from a bough of a tree.

“What is that, Lamb?” she asked.

“Why, what is it? You must look and see,” responded Lamb seriously; and Miss Abitha took hold of a swinging white package, suspended by a string from the green branch.

“It is a letter addressed to me,” said Miss Abitha.

As they all gathered around she opened the woodland missive and two crisp five dollar bills were displayed, while on the paper about them was written, “For Abitha from the old folks.”

When this excitement was over the walking party went on, and it was not long before they came upon a small spruce-tree which seemed to think Christmas had arrived, for it was hung over with a number of packages of all shapes, and they were all addressed to “Miss Abitha Bean.”

Captain Penrith’s gift was a piece of white coral which had long been one of the ornaments of the cabin of his launch. Dannie had made a dainty basket of plaited grass and filled it with raspberries, and each of the girls had selected some one of their possessions as a gift for their good friend.

On their way back to the house-boat Lamb said : "Miss Abitha, your father told me the very last thing to be sure and give you a kiss from him on your birthday, and his very best love." So the tall woman bent down to receive the greeting, and said gently, "I knew my father didn't forget."

"We can sleep in the tents to-night," said Grandma Newman as they gathered about the supper table.

"This has been the very nicest day of the whole trip," declared Lamb.

"You say that every day, Lamb," said Constance laughingly.

"Well, every day is the nicest," answered Lamb.

Captain Penrith hung all the Japanese lanterns that evening, and Dannie built a little fire on the beach, and they all hoped that the deer would appear again ; but evidently its curiosity was satisfied, for it did not venture. They had all retired before ten, except Dannie, who promised to put out the fire carefully before going to his bed of fir boughs. He was sitting a little way from the fire looking at the distant stars and thinking of his new book when he heard the dip of oars a short distance away. He quietly threw sand over the fire and extinguished the last flickering blaze, and sat down again listening intently.

It was not long before he heard voices, and the dim shape of a boat was visible.

“I was sure that I saw a fire,” he heard some one say, and then another voice :

“Look at this ! It’s a regular Noah’s Ark. Had we better go on board ? ”

Then Dannie felt that it was time to let the strangers know that some one was on hand to protect the “Water Witch,” and he called out in his gruffest voice, “Boat ahoy ! ”

His call brought Captain Penrith running to the beach, and Dannie pointed out the boat and told of the conversation he had overheard. Captain Penrith immediately repeated Dannie’s call, and the boat came nearer and a pleasant voice responded.

“We are from a fishing-camp further up the pond, and came down to see what strange craft this was.”

“They spoke of going on board,” Dannie whispered to Captain Penrith, and the captain answered them very briefly, reminding them that it was rather a late hour for a visit, and asking them not to make any more noise as the others of the party were all asleep.

The boat moved off, and Captain Penrith and Dannie heard a sullen voice say, “You’ll be asleep next time we come.”

Captain Penrith decided that he would sleep on the launch the remainder of the night, and when the others awoke next morning they were surprised to see that all was in readiness for them to make a start as soon as the tents and cooking utensils could be taken on board.

Captain Penrith told Grandpa Newman of their visitors and it was at once decided to go back to the Lake of the Woods.

"Constance," said Rose, as the house-boat moved along across the beautiful lake, "Lamb is growing more like you every day."

Constance looked at her friend smilingly. "How queer you should say that, Rose," she replied, "when I have been flattering myself that my small sister was learning some of the fine qualities of my tall friend. Really, Rose, Lamb doesn't look at all like me."

"No," replied Rose, "I didn't mean that she was growing to look like you, but that she was becoming more thoughtful for others."

"Thank you, fair lady!" and Constance rose and made her friend a very graceful salutation.

"I have noticed her all this trip," continued Rose; "she has been so careful to try and give Myrtle and the twins the best of all the good times, and since Mary Woodyear came Lamb has been as careful as any

grown-up person could be that Mary should be the person first considered."

"Of course," replied Constance, "they are her guests; but I know what you mean, Rose; and that is why I said that she was becoming like you. Perhaps she has found out your plan."

"Oh, Constance!" said the older girl laughingly, "you are a prejudiced person. None of us are as good and unselfish as Miss Abitha, after all. She put her birthday money straight into the 'Dannie Fund.'"

They were all glad to get back to the Lake of the Woods. Grandpa Newman and Captain Penrith decided not to mention their evening visitors, and cautioned Dannie not to speak of it. The "Water Witch" was brought back to her former landing, and Captain Penrith said he would catch them a fine mess of trout for dinner.

"There's a first-rate trout stream near here," he told Grandpa Newman, and the two soon had their fish-poles and lines in readiness and started off after the trout.

"We'll be back in good season," said the captain, "and Dannie can take care of you."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy soberly and resolved to himself that he would keep a sharp outlook in case the

fishermen from Spring Pond should come down to the lower lake.

Grandma Newman was sitting on the "roof" busy with her knitting, and the girls were all on shore looking for plants and flowers for their collection. Dannie was fishing from the end of the launch, now and then looking toward the head of the lake, when suddenly he dropped his fish-line and exclaimed: "There they are!" for a rowboat, rowed by two stalwart men, was coming down the lake directly toward the house-boat.

"Perhaps they are going down-river and won't stop," thought Dannie; but in a moment he realized that the rowboat was headed for the launch.

"I mustn't let them frighten Mrs. Newman," he resolved instantly.

"Hello, young man!" called out one of the rowers, as they came alongside the launch; "hope we didn't frighten you away from Spring Pond?"

Dannie looked at the men earnestly. They were both bare-headed, and tanned until they were nearly as brown as Indians. The speaker's voice was pleasant, and his smile showed such white teeth, and made so many crinkles around his eyes that before he knew it Dannie was smiling back at him.

"No, sir, you didn't frighten us; we just thought it was best to come down here," replied the boy.

"Well, it's given us a pretty morning's work," grumbled the other, "for my friend here was afraid you would think that we were pirates, and we came down to tell you that we were camping out at Spring Pond for our health."

"And we brought these as a peace-offering," said the other, holding up a fine string of brook trout.

Grandma Newman had heard the voices, and came to the railing of the house-boat in time to see the man offer Dannie the fish. She hurried down the stairs to Captain Penrith's cupboard, and in a few moments called to Dannie from the "back porch."

"Dannie, perhaps the gentlemen would like a glass of lemonade?" she suggested, and the bareheaded fishermen quickly followed Dannie to the "Water Witch," and Grandma Newman thanked them for the trout, while they enjoyed the refreshing lemonade.

They told her of their camp at Spring Pond, and admired the arrangements of the house-boat. As they prepared to start on their row back they gave Dannie a wonderful book of trout-flies and told him not to forget the "pirates"!

"Pirates!" echoed Grandma Newman, as she

watched them row swiftly up the lake. "I never saw more pleasant men. Now, Dannie, you build me up a nice fire and we'll broil these nice trout and have them all ready when our own fishermen get home."

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

GRANDPA NEWMAN and Captain Penrith were greatly surprised on their return to hear of the visitors and of their gift. Their own fishing excursion had not proved successful, so that the strangers' trout were greatly enjoyed.

"Grandma Newman, we have a plan!" announced Constance, as they finished luncheon. "We want to go to the top of that hill which rises back of the woods. I am sure the view would be fine from there. Couldn't we go this afternoon? It will be our only chance, for Grandpa Newman says we must start for home to-morrow."

"What does Miss Abitha say about it?" questioned Grandma Newman.

"I think we could do it very easily and get back before dark," replied Miss Abitha. "These woods are not dense, and I am quite sure I can find the way."

At this Grandma Newman gave her consent, as she was sure Miss Abitha would not undertake an excurs-

sion in which there would be danger, and the girls were soon ready to start; their stout boots and short duck skirts being well suited for a mountain tramp.

Captain Penrith listened to the project a little doubtfully.

"No, I don't suppose there is any danger," he replied, in answer to Grandpa Newman's question; "but it's a pretty wild country through here, and they might lose their bearings."

But the girls were all eager to start, and headed by Miss Abitha and Myrtle the little party soon disappeared in the woods.

"The Wawenocks are leaving the river and journeying toward the mountains," said Adrienne Glidden. "Wouldn't it be fun if we had a real adventure on this tramp, and had to stay in the woods all night?"

"I hope we won't," answered Lamb soberly; "for it would worry Grandma and Grandpa Newman."

Rose nodded at Constance as they heard the little girl's reply, and Constance said: "Lamb has discovered your plan, Rose."

There was a pleasant little breeze which came through the woods, and the girls trudged happily along. It was not long before they came out into a rocky pasture from which the hill rose.

"It isn't such a very high hill after all!" said Myrtle in a disappointed voice.

"It will be a good climb," Miss Abitha assured her, "and although it isn't very high I want you girls to promise me to keep near together. It is the best and safest way."

The girls promised readily, and, after a brief rest, began to make their way up the mountain. There was no path, and they had to scramble over rocks, make their way around underbrush, and found it more of a climb than they had expected.

Miss Abitha led the way, and when her companions could not see her they could hear her calls and knew what direction to follow.

Lamb and Mary Woodyear were at the very end of the procession. At one place they had lingered to look at a tiny nest on the branch of a small tree, and further up two fat gray squirrels chasing each other from tree to tree held their delighted attention.

"They play hide-and-go-seek just as we do," said Lamb. "Where do you suppose their home is?"

"In some old stump, or way up in a tree-top," replied Mary. "You know they store up nuts, just as bees do honey, to live on when the cold weather comes."

"This is a dreadful place to climb up," declared

Lamb, looking up at the steep ledge in front of them ; "it seems to go all along the mountain."

"Here is a good place to start," said Mary. "See, I can put my foot on this rock, and pull myself right up by holding on to this branch," and the little girl succeeded in clambering up to a shelf of rock on the side of the ledge. Lamb quickly followed her. Above this was another shelf, and this they reached after a more difficult scramble. But now there seemed no way to go further, for the ledge above them was smooth, offering no possible foothold.

"We can walk along this shelf and find a better place to climb up," suggested Lamb ; but they had walked only a few steps when the shelf narrowed suddenly, and they had to return to their starting-place.

"Perhaps we'd better go down," said Mary, peering over the steep ledge which they had climbed with so much difficulty.

"We can't, Mary. Look, we would have to go down backward and we couldn't see where to put our feet. We have got to go up."

Just then they heard Miss Abitha's call ; it sounded a good way to the right, the direction in which their rocky shelf narrowed so suddenly, and as if it came from lower down the hill.

"That sounds as if they were not so far up the mountain as we are," said Mary.

Lamb was looking up the side of the cliff. "Mary!" she exclaimed, "see, there are little spruce-trees growing in crannies way up to the top. I believe we could climb up. Let's try."

They looked carefully for a place to give them a foothold for their start, but none could be found.

"We had better call for Miss Abitha," said Mary, after some time had passed in their vain efforts to get a foothold.

"No," said Lamb, "if we do by the time they come back and get us it would be too late for them to go to the top of the mountain. I guess we had better wait until they are on their way back, and then they can stop and Miss Abitha will think of some way to get us down."

Mary agreed to this cheerfully, and the two little girls sat down with their backs against the cliff and looked down the hillside.

"This is pretty high," said Mary. "We can see Spring Pond, and the Lake of the Woods."

"We can't see a single house, can we?" said Lamb. "I suppose this is what the Wawenocks used to see before white people came."

After a little time they could no longer hear Miss

Abitha's call, but they did not feel frightened ; and not until they saw the red clouds of sunset across the lake did they decide that it was time to let Miss Abitha know that they were on a shelf on the mountainside and could not go further up or get down.

The others of the party had been so busy in making their way up the rough slope, in responding to Miss Abitha's calls, and in wondering about the view from the summit that Lamb and Mary were not missed until the top was reached. The top proved a rocky eminence from which they could see down the river for a long distance, and over miles of forests. As one after another of the little party came over the rocks and sat down beside Miss Abitha, Constance exclaimed, "Where are Lamb and Mary ?"

"They must be near," said Rose ; "they were the end of the procession, you know."

Constance looked anxiously down to the rough slope, and Miss Abitha called the names of the missing girls, but no response came.

"They wouldn't hide to frighten us, would they ?" suggested Antoinette Glidden.

"No, indeed," said Constance, "neither Lamb nor Mary would do that. Perhaps they are tired and

have stopped to rest, and will be here in a few minutes."

"Why, yes," said Miss Abitha; "I am sure Lamb and Mary would not forget that I said we must all keep near together." But she called their names again, and told the others to call, and a chorus of "Lamb! Mary!" sounded from the mountain top. But no echo of the sound reached the two little girls perched on their rocky shelf. For while they had been clambering up the ledge Miss Abitha had led her party much farther to the right, where the ascent was easier, and Lamb and Mary were a long distance from their friends.

At the end of a half hour Miss Abitha was very anxious. She feared that the little girls might have slipped, perhaps fallen into some unsuspected opening among the ledges.

"We must go back at once, as nearly the same way we came as possible," she said, "and stop and call their names every few minutes. They may be caught in some underbrush and unable to get clear." So the anxious girls began a slow descent of the hill, stopping often to call and look carefully about for some trace of Lamb and Mary, but they reached the foot of the hill and had not found them.

"It is sunset now; it will not do for us to start up

the mountain again," decided Miss Abitha, "and it will not do to leave those children wandering about alone. Rose, could not you and Constance find your way back to the lake and tell Mr. Newman what has happened? The rest of us will stay here, and keep calling and perhaps they may hear us."

Rose and Constance were sure they could go through the woods and reach the "Water Witch" before dark, and started at once.

Up on the rocky shelf Mary and Lamb watched the sun sink behind the dark line of forest, and saw the red afterglow fade into twilight. Dark shadows began to spread over the distant lake, and they could hear the sleepy call of birds in the trees below them.

"Well, we are not lost, anyway, are we, Mary?" said Lamb; "we know just where we are, and if we could get down we could go straight to the lake."

"I should have thought they would have heard us call," said Mary a little mournfully; "they must have gone down the hill long ago."

"Mary, we must get down!" declared Lamb, "and I have thought of a way. We must tear up our skirts and make a rope and fasten it on one of these little trees, and then swing it over this ledge and let ourselves down by it. I remember once Miss Abitha

pulled Jimmie Woodyear up a cliff by tearing up her skirt and making a rope."

Even while Lamb talked she had slipped off her blue duck skirt and was pulling vigorously to start a rent in the cloth. Mary followed her example, and just as Rose and Constance were hurrying through the shadowy woods toward the lake, Lamb's slim little figure, clinging to the knotted strips of duck, swung off from the ledge and slid down to the lower ridge.

"Come on, it's all right, Mary," she called back, and Mary quickly followed. The two little girls now scrambled down the hillside and soon reached the rough pasture land.

"Let's call again," suggested Lamb; "Miss Abitha may be waiting for us!"

Miss Abitha was waiting, and so near at hand that in a few minutes Lamb and Mary had found her and were telling the story of their adventure.

"Now we must hurry after Rose and Constance," said Miss Abitha, and they all started across the open space that led to the woods.

Miss Abitha proved a good guide, and they were able to make their way rapidly. When they caught a glimpse of the house-boat lights and the fire on the beach they were all heartily glad.

"But Rose and Constance are ahead of us," said Adrienne, "so it will be a surprise for them to see Mary and Lamb."

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Grandpa Newman as he came to meet them, "pretty late hours; nearly eight o'clock and supper waiting."

"We are all ready for supper," said Lamb, running forward and taking hold of Grandpa Newman's hand. "Mary and I got caught upon a ledge, and we tore up our skirts and made a rope and let ourselves down," she said, telling the story so quickly that the rest of the party began to laugh; and their escape from a night on the mountainside no longer seemed so wonderful a thing.

Grandpa Newman laughed with them, but he thought to himself that it was a very wonderful thing that a little girl like Eunice should be thoughtful enough to contrive such a method of escape, and to carry it out successfully.

The story had to be told all over again to Grandma Newman and to Captain Penrith and Dannie, and then Miss Abitha said, "Why, where are Constance and Rose? They started a long way ahead of us. I supposed they were here."

The little party looked at each other in surprise and

Grandma Newman exclaimed: "Don't wait a minute, Jabez! You and Captain Penrith start right after them."

"I'll get a couple of lanterns," said Captain Penrith; "and don't you worry, ma'am; we'll bring the girls back safe and sound. Dannie, you tend that fire, it's no matter if that chowder does cook a little longer," and a moment later the glimmer of their lanterns vanished in the shadows of the forest.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE END OF THE JOURNEY

“I AM not anxious about Rose and Constance, not a bit anxious!” declared Grandma Newman bravely as she watched the last glimmer of the lanterns vanish in the shadowy wood. “They know just where the lake is, and they both have judgment.”

“They will see the lanterns and hear the calls, and, if they have lost their direction, will soon be headed straight for the ‘Water Witch,’ ” agreed Miss Abitha hopefully, “and while we are waiting for them I really think we mountain-climbers ought to have something to eat.”

This suggestion met with a cordial approval from Lamb and the twins, and with Dannie’s help they were soon eating the appetizing chowder, and listening for the sound of steps to tell them that Rose and Constance were back at the camp.

Supper was finished, the Japanese lanterns on the boat lighted, and Dannie put fresh wood on his black fire, and still there was no sign of the absent girls. They could no longer hear Grandpa Newman and Cap-

tain Penrith's calls, and finally even Miss Abitha grew anxious, and the little party grew very quiet, each one looking toward the dark woods and eagerly hoping that in a moment more Rose and Constance would appear.

It was nine o'clock when Grandpa Newman and Captain Penrith returned.

"It is foolish for us to go searching about in the woods now," he declared; "the girls are all right, but probably mistook their way in the dark and have had sense enough to sit down and wait until sunrise. They will be none the worse for a night out-of-doors. Now you must all go to bed, every one of you. Captain Penrith and I will stay up in case they come wandering in and want some hot chowder."

The girls obeyed rather reluctantly, but they were all tired with their afternoon's tramp and it was not long before they were sleeping soundly. So soundly that they did not hear a little chorus of calls and exclamations about midnight when two tired girls came trudging up the shore of the lake and were warmly welcomed, and instantly demanded chowder.

"What happened, Peter, to make you lose your way?" questioned Grandpa Newman as he helped Constance to chowder for the second time.

"We were sure that we were headed in the right direction," explained Constance, "and every now and then we could get a glimpse of the lake, and then we would hurry all the faster for we were anxious about Lamb and Mary. When we did reach the shore it was a place that we had never seen before, and we couldn't see the 'Water Witch.' Rose was sure that we had kept too far to the right, and that's just what we did. So we decided to follow the shore back, and it was a pretty hard tramp."

"We thought we saw a bear," added Rose; "we saw a great black thing on the beach about a mile below here, but it vanished before we got near enough to see what it was."

"You must all stay right on the house-boat until I get you safe home," declared Grandma Newman.

"Let's go to bed very quietly and not wake up the other girls," suggested Constance, "and then when they wake up and see us in our berths they will think that they dreamed we were lost."

Rose agreed, and they slipped noiselessly into their berths, and were soon as fast asleep as their companions.

Lamb was the first one to awake the next morning, and her first thought was for her sister. She sat up in bed and looked mournfully across at her sister's berth.

As she looked her eyes widened, and in a moment she had run across the cabin and was looking down into Constance's face. Then she crept back to her own berth and lay thinking over the events of the previous day.

"I don't believe it was a dream," she thought. "I am sure that Mary and I were on a ledge and tore up our skirts to let ourselves down ; and I know Constance and Rose had not got home when we came to bed, but here they both are, safe and sound. Mary ! Mary !" she whispered, and in a moment Mary Woodyear had assured her that she had not dreamed their adventures.

"Rose and Constance got safely home after we were asleep," explained Mary. "Let's make believe that they dreamed they were lost, and none of us be surprised to find them here."

So Lamb made a careful journey about the cabin whispering to Myrtle Green and to Antoinette and Adrienne Glidden not to be surprised when Rose and Constance spoke to them.

They all slept late the next morning, and when Rose and Constance slid out of their berths and prepared for a morning dip in the lake they found none of the others were up.

"Aren't you getting up early, sister ?" questioned

Lamb sleepily, and Myrtle Green called out, "We all ought to get up and take a dip with Rose and Constance, for to-morrow we shall be back at Pine Tree Farm."

The two older girls looked at each other in surprise, and as neither of the twins nor Mary Woodyear made any reference to the fact of their not being at the house-boat when the younger girls retired Rose and Constance did wonder for a moment if their evening's scramble through the dark woods and along the swampy shore had not been an unpleasant dream.

"Girls!" exclaimed Myrtle, "I dreamed that we all went off on a tramp to the top of that mountain."

"You didn't dream that, Myrtle," said Rose laughingly.

"Didn't I?" exclaimed Myrtle in a surprised tone. "Well, then I dreamed that Eunice and Mary disappeared, and finally tore up their skirts and swung themselves down from a high ledge where they had climbed."

"That wasn't a dream, either," said Constance; "that was a fact."

But now Lamb interrupted by rushing across the cabin and clasping Constance tightly about the neck.

"Oh, Sister!" she exclaimed, "we were both almost lost, weren't we? Tell us how you got safely home."

So there was no more talk about dreams, and Rose and Constance again told the story of their wanderings.

After breakfast Captain Penrith said that the "Water Witch" must be ready for the sail home as soon as possible, and the girls now realized how nearly their delightful trip was at an end, and they were all rather quiet as the house-boat drew slowly away from the shore and began its cruise down the lake toward the river.

Grandma Newman sat on the promenade deck and looked smilingly at the group around her.

"It has been a real exciting trip," she declared, "but I have enjoyed it. If people must leave good comfortable homes and go journeying about I guess there isn't any more comfortable way to travel than in a house-boat."

"It's been the best time I ever had," said little Mary Woodyear. "Why, I shall have things to tell the children stories about all winter."

"I think that I shall write a book about it and call it, 'The House-boat Party'!" declared Miss Abitha.

Rose and Constance were busy making lists and packages of the plants and flowers they had prepared for their collections. They were very sure that Miss Wilson would want them for the botany classes, and they

looked forward to adding a good sum to the fund which would help Dannie Woodyear to have his chance as an astronomer.

"Myrtle," said Lamb, as the two friends looked back at the gentle ripple made by the slow-moving craft, "when we started on this trip I made a lovely plan."

"What was it?" questioned Myrtle.

"I planned to be pleasant to everybody," said Lamb soberly.

"Well, you have been," responded Myrtle loyally, but Lamb shook her head.

"I haven't been as pleasant as I meant to be," she answered, "and I planned to be like Rose and Constance!"

"Now Lamb Eunice Newman," exclaimed Myrtle, "you think Rose and Constance are perfect, and you want to be like them and I'll just tell you something," and Myrtle's face had a very firm and determined look.

"What is it?" asked Lamb.

"It is that you are just as good as they are, only you are younger. They have had more time to learn things than we have, so of course they know more."

"Do you really think that is the reason, Myrtle?" questioned Lamb hopefully.

Myrtle nodded her head vigorously.

"I am sure it is," she declared. "Look at your Grandma Newman; she is older than any of us and better than any of us."

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Lamb.

"Well, doesn't that prove it? All we have to do is to learn all we can and do the best we can, and the first thing we know we shall be grown up and just as good as other people."

Lamb seemed greatly cheered by Myrtle's hopeful philosophy, and when the Glidden girls pointed out a number of wild ducks swimming near the house-boat she hurried after her camera to secure a photograph.

They did not make any landing for luncheon that day, as Grandpa Newman wanted to reach Pine Tree Farm that night. In the afternoon Grandma Newman told them more stories about the Abenakis, and Miss Abitha asked them to tell her all they knew about the tribe called Wawenocks.

After leaving the Lake of the Woods the current of the river carried them along more rapidly and it was not yet sunset when they came in sight of their home landing.

"I see Jimmie!" declared Mary Woodyear.

"And there is Mr. Eben Bean!" exclaimed Myrtle, as a tall figure came down toward the shore and waved a broad-rimmed straw hat toward the approaching boat.

"And there are father and mother and old Lion!" said Lamb, holding tight to her grandmother's hand.

Captain Penrith made his usual skilful landing, and in a short time the house-boat party were all on shore, and were warmly welcomed. Jimmie Woodyear took charge of his brother and sister, and listened happily to all Dannie had to tell him of the wonderful trip.

Grandpa Newman and Constance persuaded Captain Penrith to promise to make Pine Tree Farm a visit as soon as he had taken care of the "Water Witch," and then they were all ready for home, a tired and a happy group.

"Grandma!" said Lamb, looking admiringly up into her grandmother's face as they stood on the landing, "I am going to grow up to be just like you."

"Bless you, child," said the old lady happily; "I want you to grow up to be just like yourself. You are a dear, kind child, and I am sure you will be a dear, kind woman."

"Yes'm," replied Lamb, "and that will be just like you, grandma!"

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